

Read Gay New York This Week

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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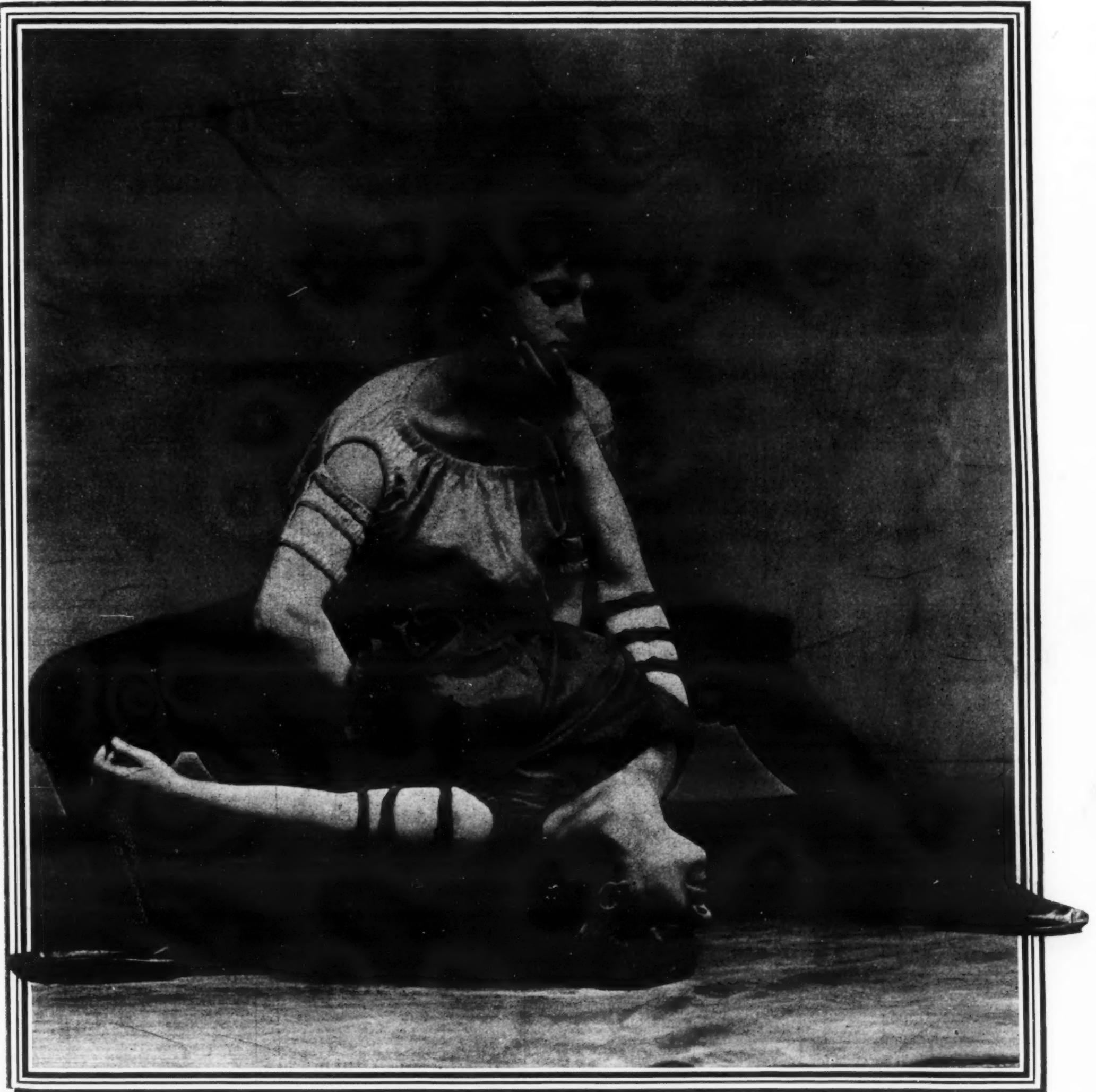


Photo by Newman, New York.

ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME.

TWO OF THE INTERNATIONAL WOMEN WRESTLERS HARD AT WORK ON THE MAT.



RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, November 18, 1905

Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y.,
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FREE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
JIMMY GARDNER, a Topnotch Boxer.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTS.

Six of the produce of the brood mare Schallie Girl have obtained standard records.

This has been the banner year for both New England bred and New England owned horses.

George Hackenschmidt recently defeated Alec Monroe, the big Scotch wrestler, at Glasgow, Scotland.

Jesse Burkett has played professional ball for nearly twenty years, and has never been with a pennant-winning team.

Willie Hoppe, the boy billiardist, has sailed for Paris, France, in hope of securing a match with Vignaux or any of the other stars.

George Mullin, of Detroit, was the wild boy of the American League last season. He issued free transportation to first base to 140 men.

When Geers won the Walnut Hall Cup with Turley, he clinched his claim to the trophy, which had to be won three times to remain the property of any driver.

Cincinnati scribes mention Willie Keeler as a possibility for next year's Reds, without mentioning, however, how Willie is to be taken away from the Highlanders.

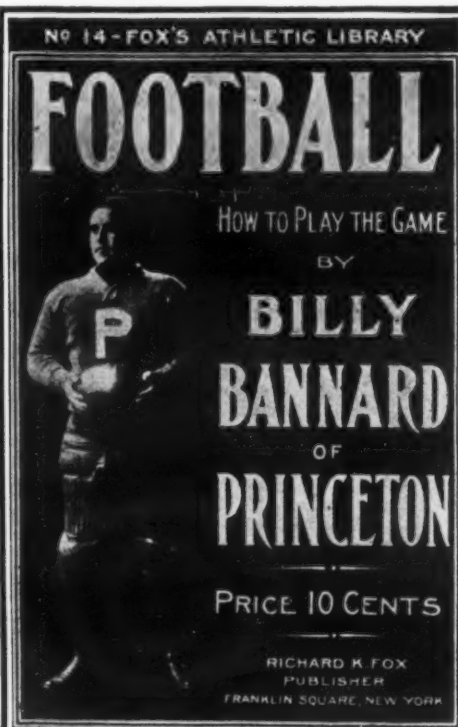
One of the best trotters going to the sales-room this Fall is Marechal, 2:18 3/4, a three-year-old, who went a couple of miles in the Kentucky Futurity in 2:10 3/4, 2:10.

Wrestler Tom Jenkins announces his retirement to teach the cadets at West Point, N. Y., the game, having received instructions to report at the United States Military Academy while in Europe.

EVEN IF YOU

Don't want to learn How to Play FOOTBALL you ought to have a Copy of BILLY BANNARD'S BOOK ON THE GAME, so that when you see two teams on the gridiron you will know what is doing.

YOU CAN'T KNOW TOO MUCH.



Send 10 cents with 4 cents extra for postage, or if your newsdealer is any good he will have it for sale. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS CONCERNING THE DOINGS OF VAUDEVILLE PEOPLE

Here Can be Found Many Crisp Items Which Will Interest Performers as Well as Theatregoers.

PROFESSIONALS ARE REQUESTED TO SEND IN PHOTOS

Louise Ripley, Late a Tragedienne, is Now in Vaudeville, and is Making Good.
Nettie Black Has Returned to Her First Love and is a Success.

The De Vawter Trio includes Ora, Lillie and Clarence.

Bell and Richards are being featured with the "Happy Hooligan" Company.

The Four American Trumpeters are with the Mme. Herrmann Company, playing in the West.

A. Louis Rashman, German comedian, reports making a big hit with his monologue and parodies.

The Three Kimball Brothers have dissolved partnership on account of Max Kimball going into business. Hereafter their act will be known as the

Rogers and Harris, comedians, have joined hands to do a Dutch act.

Marthage and Stinzel have again joined hands. They play dates, and are doing well.

The Musical act, Whalley and Whalley, will hereafter be known as the Imperial Musical Duo.

Edwin Kraft, the quaint comedian, reports meeting with success in his eccentric singing and dancing specialty.

Rome, Mayo and Juliet, The Harmony Singers, in "A Minstrel Burlesque," are on their first tour on the Pacific Coast. They have lost but one



SAHARET.

The Charming and Clever Danseuse in one of Her Chic Poses. She is at present Successfully Touring the Continent under the Management of Ike Rose.

Kimball Brothers. They will continue to do the same work as formerly, introducing their original comedy singing and dancing act.

Ella Hess and Dollie Watson report "doing fine" in their comedy sketch, "Aunt Susan's Arrival," and are well booked up.

Morton, Temple and Morton are producing a lively acrobatic, singing and dancing act, with which they have been filling good time.

The Prentice Troupe of acrobats, four in number, report one long string of successes for their act with the Brigadiers Company.

Harry Martine, of Kelly and Martine, late of Martine and Martine, has dissolved partnership with his wife, Lillian Martine, and is to work alone.

Humes and Lewis will do away with their tramp make up, and both will make up as acrobatic kids, dressing the act better than before. Since closing with "The Midnight Flyer" Company, they have been playing dates, and are booked up to Feb. 18, in the leading vaudeville houses, including the Kohl & Castle and Hopkins' circuits.

Miss Adele Ritchie, the Dresden China Comedienne, while demanding and receiving all the privileges and extra advertising that her position in vaudeville as the most attractive and highest paid artist, but one, entitle her to, is at the same time a little more progressive than some other actresses. She has just ordered an elaborate edition of beautiful art three sheets of herself, made from specially posed photographs in her newest gowns, and these will be given to the management of the theatres at which she appears, to be added to their regular line of printing.

week, caused by making the jump from the Grand, Portland, Ore., to the Chutes, San Francisco, Cal., where they closed the bill.

La Clair and West have a new comedy act, entitled "A Drop Into Society," by Bernard Kling. They are booked solid until March, 1906.

Ben Turpin has just finished playing the Kohl & Castle circuit, doing his "Happy Hooligan" specialty, and is booked solid until Feb. 4, 1906.

Lem Welch, who recently returned from Europe, has joined hands with Bennett and Wilson, under the title of Wilson, Bennett and Welch.

Emma Parker, late of the team of Monroe and Parker, has retired from the partnership, and reports meeting with great success in her single specialty.

John W. Vogel will enter the musical comedy field next season with a musical comedy, entitled "The Bathing Girl." The scenes are to be laid at Cedar Point, on Lake Erie. The words are by Harry Leighton, and the music by Joe Norton, the bandmaster. The piece will be put on for a long run either in Chicago or New York next Summer.

Miss Jean Margo, the clever little Chicago girl, who came East unknown, and is striving to show vaudeville people how much better her singing and rapid change is than Vesta Tilley's, has hit upon a way to overcome the inevitable awkwardness of the usual stage entrance of a performer "working in one" alone. She realizes that to step on the stage or walk to the centre without a word or bit of "business," which is the general method for monologists or individual singers, places the audience and the performer at a disadvantage. Therefore she has had a clever and novel en-

trance written for her and a bright introductory monologue which places her on the desired friendly terms with her audience before she begins her act. This little woman's innovation is well worthy the study of other performers.

Josephine Sabel's success at Ronacher's, Vienna, Aus., has been so great that she has been engaged for another month. This makes eight weeks in this theatre.

Eddie Weston, formerly of Weston and Beasley, and Dick Mack, formerly of Conroy and Mack, will join hands and work under the name of Mack and Weston.

Janet Barrington and Miriam Martell, "The Eccentric Servant Girl and the Actress," have dissolved partnership. Miss Martell is meeting with great success alone.

West and Fowler report meeting with big success on the Ammon circuit, in their new comedy skit, "A German Broker," and are booked up until the middle of January.

L. E. Trudell has joined hands with Everett Lovell, the boy tenor, and hereafter the team will be known as Lovell and Trudell, in comedy and music. They report "good work."

Ben Salvini is no longer connected with the team known as the Schenk Brothers, having joined his old partner, and the team will be known as the Salvini Brothers, their old name.

Frank Winstein closed with the Curtis Musical Comedy Company, at Salt Lake City, and joined Madame Adelaide Herrmann's Company, at Denver, as musical director.

Gardner and Somers report making a tremendous success with their xylophone act. They are a special feature with Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels, booked solid until May, 1906.

The Melverns have dissolved partnership. Hereafter Robert J. Scanlin, one of the Melverns, will be known under his own name, in a new single hand balancing and acrobatic act.

Billy Beard, The Party from the South, closed with the West Minstrels at Ogdensburg, N. Y., and joined Haverly's Minstrels at Quincy, Ill., to do principal end, opposite Fred Russell.

Francis Tucker has completed and sold to Ben A. Tillson a new sketch, for which there is a special set being built, and which will be used by Mr. Tillson during the coming park season.

Louis Mandel, comedian, with the "In Old Virginia" Company, has completed a new sketch, entitled "His College Chum," which has been produced with the above company as a curtain raiser.

Musical Nalon, "The Electrical Instrumental Wonder," has had all of his instruments wired with different colored electric lights. It has made a fine improvement in his act, he informs us.

Nagel and Adams are on the Novelty circuit, having opened in Denver. While there, Mr. Nagel, Mr. Dunbar and Murphy and Daly were initiated into the Theatrical Mechanical Association.

Gilbert Sarony, who is producing his new sketch in vaudeville, a burlesque on "Camille," with a company of four people, has met with tremendous success since opening in Los Angeles, at which place they played three consecutive weeks.

Karrera, the international impersonator and character change artist, is now on the Pacific Coast, meeting with success. He will play a short engagement in New York in the Spring, after which he will tour Europe, playing all the capitals.

Miss Louise Ripley, who for the past three seasons, has been the leading woman with John Griffith in "Macbeth," has determined to enter vaudeville, and has selected the dagger scene of Macbeth and the sleep walking scene of Lady Macbeth.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Hammond report meeting with marked success in the presentation of their little playlet, "Family Jars," through the Middle West. They are booked East, and their time is nearly filled until March 1, including Tony Pastor's, week of Feb. 26.

Ethel Foster and Baby Mary just closed a successful season with Long Brothers' "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company, and are at their home in Summitville, Ind. Baby Mary made her song and dance specialty a feature. They intend to play a few vaudeville dates, then return to the dramatic field.

The Bon Ton Music Hall, Rockaway avenue and Somer street, Brooklyn, has opened with the Leo Stevens Stock Company, presenting light operas, high class vaudeville and farce comedy. The stock company will be headed by Leo Stevens, and will include Charles Irving, Charles T. Lewis, Dolly Martin, Lillian Keeley, Alice Fowler, Kitty West, Mabel Green, Nellie Allen, Miss O'Neil and chorus.

Miss Nettie Black, the well-known comedienne, who, since leaving vaudeville a few years ago, has played a long line of important parts in the legitimate drama—more recently in New York successes—has decided to return to her first love, and having secured a novelty vaudeville act, will resign her position as leading woman with the "Tom, Dick and Harry" Company, and make her reappearance at the continental houses.

TO WIN AT POKER

Is easy if you have a copy of Poker; How to Win. It contains many valuable tips, useful to all who like the game. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS...SPORTS, NAVAL OR MILITARY SCENES, ETC...WE WILL PUBLISH WITHOUT CHARGE.

Gay New York by Night and Day

When the Lid is On and When it is Off--and What the Lid Means--Interesting Incidents.

ONE HOUR SPENT IN A POOLROOM

How the Big Sport Behind the Little Window Gets the Money--Scenes When the Winner is Announced and the Lucky Ones Cash.

No. 3.

It doesn't make any difference where you are when you read this--whether you are in Singapore, Russia, Manchuria, on the Island of Borneo, in the Argentine Republic, at the Cape of Good Hope, on an atoll in the peaceful Pacific, or trying to take it easy in the dust of Cape Town--you will know and understand what is meant by the lid of New York.

You see the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE are the citizens of no one place nor any one country; they are the people of the world.

Some years ago, when Richard Croker reigned supreme in New York, no one then knew there was any such thing as a lid. In fact, it was understood, that when a spasm of virtue hit the town all Croker had to do was to send out the word and everything closed up as if by magic. Of course, it was only temporary, and Croker himself used to disclaim any responsibility in the matter and belittle his own power, but no one took any stock in his protestations.

It remained for a preacher of the gospel, who suddenly jumped into prominence by a series of visits to certain questionable houses, where the inmates were put through their paces, to invent an expression that will last forever.

There had been an attempt made to reform New York, and he was talking about it. A good, gentle, jellyfish sort of a man had been mayor, and he was to be replaced by a successor who represented Tammany Hall. It was generally believed that the few years' rule of the sheep-like individual, when poolrooms and gambling houses were run under cover to a certain extent, were to be succeeded by a riotous orgie of the vicious, and the town was to pass into the hands of the sports and plug uglies, to do with it as they liked.

"Now," remarked this minister, "New York will be hell with the lid off."

And ever since then the city has had a gurative lid, which is off and on as a spasm of virtue makes itself felt.

Just about now the lid is half off and half on.

Everybody has a chance. If the lid were off entirely it would mean that you or I, or anybody else could walk into a poolroom just the same as we would walk into a barroom, and that if you wanted to put a dollar on the ace, it would be as little trouble to find the ace and the man willing to bet you as it would be to find a place where they sold cigarettes.

The red lights would spring up like mushrooms, and the women who chirp at you as you go by, and say, "Come on, Blondie," would be a little more numerous and a great deal bolder.

The lid off would mean Leadville in 1885; Denver, Colorado, about the same time, where every man was for himself, and only the best lasted until the finish.

You who read this may have heard many stories about New York, and they may have been exaggerated, but the sights are here just the same, and they are worth looking at and talking and writing about.

The lid is all a bluff.

It's politics and graft.

The town is gambling mad and always will be.

Between the Battery and the Bronx there is every known game under the sun, and every known and unknown method of trimming a sucker. The bank roll that goes the round and comes out unskinned ought to have a niche in the Hall of Fame, unless it's fastened

to the owner's back with a double-strength porous plaster.

I knew a man who used to carry his big bills that way because, as he said, he couldn't trust the hot company he traveled in.

He invented it himself, and he said it was the only safe proposition in the world and he had tried them all.

He strolled into a swell cafe one evening about six o'clock, and ordered a nice little feed, with a small bottle on the side.

At a table in the corner he sat alone and dallied with the hash for two solid hours, and then he asked for his check.

It was for \$8.50.

He went through his pockets and the best he could dig up was \$3.75.

There are some places in New York that have been

"It's all right, and I won't let anyone hurt you."

"Hurt me? Why should anyone want to hurt me? Take your hand off me. I am not a criminal."

For a time it looked as though there was going to be the roughest kind of a roughhouse, but eventually, to make a long story short, the human bank was allowed to explain. He paid for the check, and went away feeling that he had got the worst of it, anyhow.

But to get back to the lid.

It is a phase of human nature that man should want to do those things which are forbidden. That is natural.

So if gambling houses were run the same as peanut stands--one on every corner--and there was nothing to prohibit anyone from betting whatever and whenever he liked, the crowd wouldn't be so hot-foot on the trail of the blue-eyed, golden haired goddess of chance.

I'll take you into a poolroom, for instance. It is down town, and is not frequented by the high rollers--two dollar bets are big here. You will notice that there is a saloon in the middle of the next block. That is all right and isn't enough in itself to attract attention.

To walk in and get a drink seems to be the most natural thing in the world. It is. But to your back, as you face the bar there is a closed door, and leaning against it, as if there was nothing else in the world for him to do, is a sharp eyed young man who never misses a move.

He is the "lookout," and that one word puts you on to his job at once. It's a good man who can get by him if there is even a lurking doubt in his mind that everything is not right.

But if everything is regular the closed door flies open at a touch.

The next move is to stumble up a flight of dark

The police could put their hands on this place just as surely as a boy could put his thumb on his knee, but the sport who runs it drifts along and every week drops a wad of money in some one's lap, and the lid is supposed to be screwed down tight.

Suddenly, in the midst of the general hubbub and argument, some one in authority calls out:

"They're at the post."

There is a general movement towards the window by the tardy ones who have waited until the last moment in the hope that the odds would change a bit in their favor.

There is a landslide of small bills towards the boss's till, and a veritable plunger shouts out excitedly:

"Here's five; put it on Hustler."

"They're off," shouts the announcer, in a droning monotone.

An actor would say "They're off" in a way that would thrill you, but this fellow says it twenty or thirty times a day, and the statement has come to be a purely mechanical one--it means nothing to him one way or another. It is simply a part of his business.

"Hustler first, at the quarter; Peacock, second; Orinoco, third."

The plunger--the fellow who put up the five dollars--turns to the man nearest him:

"He can't lose, I tell you. I got the tip this morning, straight from the track. It's like finding the money. They had this thing all framed. You can bet your life I'm going to blow myself in for a swell suit to-day; I got it all picked out. What are you betting on? Orinoco; too bad; he's a stiff; why didn't you see me? That mut's feet won't last him the mile out."

"At the half," drones the announcer. "Hustler first,

by a length; Orinoco second; Lily of the Valley third, two lengths away."

"You ought to have had a bone down on that dog of yours for place," remarks the plunger, with the air of a connoisseur. "Never take a chance on a kity like that. I've been doing the ponies for five years now, and so some of the wise ones get their tips from me. I ought to have put twenty on this nag, but I'm getting enough out of it with five. I don't want the earth. I'm willing to go home with my little bundle every day regular."

"They're in the stretch."

Everyone stops talking, and about half of them cease to breathe for a moment, for many a meal ticket hangs in the balance on the next few words. It's a serious moment, and the only man in the room whose heart has not a quickened action is the one in his shirt sleeves who is telling the story. He

almost drools the words, and every eye is looking at him. One or two become so nervous with the strain that they shuffle their feet.

"Hustler leads by a head; Orinoco second; with Vassar a length and a half away."

There is a deep, long breath from somewhere, and the uneasy movement is taken up.

It is very near the finish now, and there may be a tragedy in the next announcement, who knows?

Somewhere in that room there may be a thief, an embezzler, a forger; a man who has robbed his employer, his friend, or his benefactor. He may be trying to win some money back that he may make restitution. He may have said to himself:

"If I can only get back just what I have lost, I will make it good, and will never, as long as I live, do another dishonest action, or have another dishonest thought." His last dollar may be staked at this moment, and if he loses he is at the end. Or he may win, get back that which is lost and gradually work himself back to a position where he can look the world in the face again.

How many in this room are gambling with some one else's money.

"Orinoco wins. Vassar second; Lily of Valley third."

The plunger rips out an oath that would do credit to the first mate of a slaver brig, and tearing off his hat, throws it down on the floor in a fit of rage.

"The dirty yellow cur quit like a rat; he ought to get the gun. Any man that would run a stuffed hound like that ought to be put in the electric chair. Of all the rank counterfeits that was ever put on a track this is the worst; he ought to be hitched up to an ash wagon, the same way."

It seems to be a question as to which is the worst skate, the man or the horse.

There is a general movement towards the little window where the tide of money has been flowing in, and for every dollar that has gone in the direction of the big sport, about twenty cents comes back.

A small percentage of the bettors cash in and the bunch begin figuring dope for the next race.

Truly, it's a great game.

Ike Swift.



IF THE LID WAS OFF NEW YORK ALTOGETHER THE RED LIGHTS WOULD SPRING UP LIKE MUSHROOMS. AND THE BLONDES WOULD BE ROLLICKING IN CLOVER.

trimmed so well that they couldn't be held up by George Washington, and this happened to be one of them.

This man knew it, and he sauntered to the desk, and laying down his check, remarked to the clerk.

"Have you a Turkish bath on the premises that you could oblige me with?"

"What do you want a Turkish bath for?" inquired the man, suspiciously, for this was a new one on him.

"Well, you see, I have only a small amount of money in my pocket; not enough to pay this check, but I have a couple of thousand fastened to my skin, and if you will let me soak off the plaster that holds it I will be all right."

The cashier nearly fell off the chair he was sitting on.

"We can fix you up all right," he said, "just excuse me for a minute," and he wrote something on a slip of paper, which he handed to a waiter.

"Now what kind of a Turkish bath do you want?" he asked.

"Oh, any kind, so long as it is wet."

"Very well, I'm arranging for it now, and when it is ready I will let you know; of course, you don't want to go in before it is ready. That wouldn't be very nice. You see, we have the greatest Turkish bath in the city right here; fact, I assure you. People come from all over just to patronize our baths, and--"

Just then a policeman, who had come hurriedly in, grabbed the man who wanted a bath. Three waiters hurried to the spot and then all took hold of him.

"Go easy, old man," remarked the copper, coaxingly.

BILLY BANNARD.

That great football player, of Princeton, has written a book on the game for Fox's Athletic Library. There is nothing as good published. Price 10 cents; postage 4 cents extra. Write for it immediately. Edition limited.

stairs; at the top make one turn to the right and you have arrived at the place where you can part with your coin as fast as you are inclined to skin the bills off the roll.

You will see the odds on the different horses chalked up on the blackboards hanging on the walls, and all possible details--except the name of the winning horse--is provided for your benefit.

A brisk, trim young fellow with a piece of chalk, changes the odds from time to time, at the instance of messages received from the track, or at the suggestion of the man who watches the betting.

Everyone of those dope-laden men who are there to take a flyer on the ponies, expects to win. Everyone there expects to take somebody else's money away with him.

That's what he is there for.

He doesn't realize that the rotund individual with the heavy mustache, who stands behind the partition directing his sheet writers and other assistants, is there to get the money, and doesn't propose to be cheated of his prey.

What do you think he has rented that place for? What has he hired his assistants for?

He is not a philanthropist.

He is figuring on beating the crowd, no matter what horse comes in first.

He is very much like the tout who wrote the name of every horse in a certain race on separate slips of paper one day, and handed them, one to each man, very confidentially, with the remark:

"Play it as far as you can go; he can't lose."

One of the horses had to win, of course, and while he was cursed roundly by half a dozen men, one lucky sport cashed in good and strong, staked him to a ten dollar note, and had faith in him ever afterwards.



Photo by Otto Sarony: New York.

RITA DEAN, A HIPPODROME GIRL.



LESTER WALLACE, THERE WITH THE KICK.



Photo by Baker: Columbus.

GERTRUDE COGHLAN, AT PROCTOR'S



Photo by Hall: New York.

THE KAUFMANN BICYCLE TROUPE OF ENGLISH GIRLS WHO ARE SCORING A SUCCESS AT THE HIPPODROME, NEW YORK.

DOPE THEM OUT, BOYS.

GENIUS, BEAUTY, TALENT AND MUSCLE MAKE THE FINEST KIND OF A COMBINATION.



G. LABRIE, SALEM, MASS.

HE CHALLENGES ANY MAN TO A
HAIR LIFTING CONTEST.



T. ALVAN LUTER.

THIS SAN ANTONIO MAN PROVES WHAT
PHYSICAL CULTURE CAN DO.



LA HOWARD.

AN AUSTRALIAN STRONG MAN WHO
DOES A GREAT ACT.



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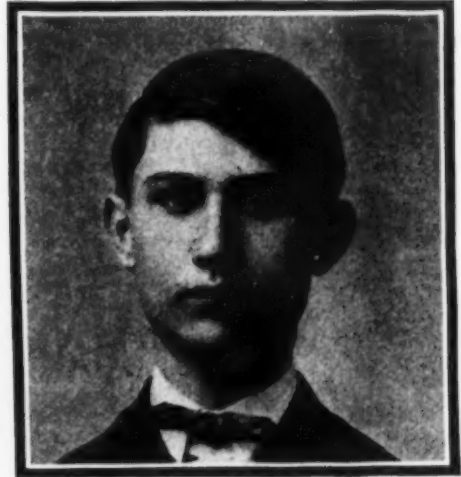
D. SOFIA.

HE IS A BROOKLYN SHEARS
AND RAZOR EXPERT.



A. DE ROSA.

A LEADING TONSORIALIST OF
FAR ROCKAWAY, N. Y.



C. DI GIOVAMO.

A WELL-KNOWN SPORTING
BARBER OF BERKLEY, VA.



OUT FOR A GOOD TIME.

THE MEMBERS OF THE WILLIAM J. WISE ASSOCIATION OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., WITH SOME OF THE
PRETTIEST GIRLS IN THE CITY ON A DAY'S OUTING ON THE FARM AT GLENDALE, L. I.

SOME DEATH-DEFYING

—THEY REQUIRE NERVE—

ACTS OF THE CIRCUS

Venturesome Performers Who Fearlessly Risk Their Lives
For Money and Deserved Applause.

MANY OF THEM HAVE BEEN KILLED IN PUBLIC

Looping the Loop Has Come to be an Old Story, and Audiences Now Demand
Something More Dangerous and Sensational.

The people of to-day must be thrilled to get their money's worth. Does any one remember the American bicyclist, who used to ride at terrifying speed down a steeply inclined sixty-foot ladder. One night an attack of vertigo caused his death, but his act was less dangerous than the performances on inverted and aerial paths to which we have since become accustomed.

In looping the loop, first performed by James Smithson, better known as Diavolo, a bicyclist starts from a platform 60 feet high and plunges down a track which extends obliquely for 100 feet to the ground, and thence rises to form a complete spiral loop 20 or 25 feet in diameter. The speed acquired by the cyclist in descending the inclined plane carries him around the loop. When Diavolo, preceded by a great reputation, went to Paris he found one Nisbet, known professionally as Mephisto, preparing to loop the loop at a rival music hall.

While several cyclists were preparing to loop the loop honestly, one man, unwilling to risk his life for the amusement of spectators, devised a loop with a concealed groove which guided his wheel and kept it from falling. His trick was accidentally exposed by a clown who got his foot caught in the groove, and the disgraced looper fell into obloquy and oblivion.

The public soon tires of the strongest sensations. The stationary loop gave place to the rotating circle called the devil's wheel, in which the cyclist spins like a squirrel. Taking his place inside the wheel, which is about fifteen feet in diameter, he pedals in a direction opposite to that of the wheel, and thus remains at the bottom until the wheel has acquired considerable velocity. Then he stops pedaling, applies his brake, and in

diameter, and a smaller wheel rolled round inside of it, obtaining its impetus from a plunge down an inclined plane, which made a descent of fifty feet. To this small wheel Eclair was hushed in spreadeagle fashion. He accustomed himself to this novel mode of locomotion by having himself strapped to a similar wheel, which was turned rapidly about a fixed axis by means of a crank.

More startling and perilous than any of these devices is the circle of death. This is a large, flat, truncated cone, like the rim of a pudding dish, supported by ropes in a position slightly inclined to the horizontal, so that only one side of the lower and smaller edge rests on the stage. Bicyclists—one or more—enter the central space and run up and around the steep side with their machines and bodies nearly horizontal. Then to add to the apparent and real danger, the whole apparatus is raised aloft. The effect is thrilling, for the riders appear to be in constant danger of falling. In Berlin, as three cyclists were gyrating in a single circle of death, one fell and carried a second down with him. They had scarcely reached the stage when the third performer fell also.

The globe of death, an interesting and comparatively safe act that has been exhibited in a New York theatre, combines some of the features of looping the loop and the devil's wheel. Two bicyclists, a man and a woman, enter a stationary lattice-work globe some twenty feet in diameter and course around it at great speed in both vertical and horizontal circles.

All of the acts hitherto described are performed with complete circles or loops. The next development was the removal of the topmost part of the vertical loop, leaving an air space through which the bicyclist flies head downward. This feat is called looping the gap.

Mile. Dutrieu, the human arrow, produced a more graceful effect by traversing a gap in a track which would not, if complete, form a loop. The first section of the track is a plane fifty feet long, inclined 30 degrees to the horizontal, and terminating in a short upward curve. The second section begins with a saddleback curve and ends in a plane inclined upward for the purpose of bringing the bicycle to rest. The two sections are separated by a gap of fifty feet, through which the cyclist flies like an arrow. It is worthy of note that women formed a large majority of the spectators of the human arrow's first public flight.

A feat performed by the cyclist Marok might be called looping without a loop. The track resembles the first section used by the human arrow, but the upward curve is longer and forms an arc of a circle. At the foot of the incline and the commencement of the curve the bicycle is caught by a wire suspended from the centre of this circle. The machine, therefore, after traversing the curved path, describes the remainder of the circle in the air. Meanwhile the curved path is replaced by a level one terminating in an ascent, which receives and stops the cyclist when he returns to earth and casts off the wire.

In another ingenious and terrifying variation of the human arrow, the bicycle is replaced by a four wheeled car, which is stopped abruptly by a buffer at the end of the upward curve, while the rider is hurled through space to a trapeze some distance away and fifty feet higher. Failure to catch the trapeze means certain death. A photograph of this was published in POLICE GAZETTE, No. 1459, dated July 29.

Another startling application of the same principle is made in an open air performance which has been given many times in America, England and Germany. The inclined track is erected on the shore of a lake or river and is 200 feet long. The starting platform is a hundred feet, the top of the upward curve about forty feet above the ground. When the bicyclist rides off the end of the curve into space he lets go his machine and dives into the water. This frightful

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PROF. W. B. RAMSDOLL.

Capable Instructor of Fancy Dancing at 11 Snow Street, Providence, R. I., who has Developed Many Apt Pupils.

carried backward and upward nearly to the top, whence he rushes down, and flies around and around the revolving wheel with startling speed.

At a performance in Vienna, a cyclist stricken with apoplexy fell from the wheel and soon expired. But the danger of cerebral congestion is not the only one. The critical phase of the act is the last, when both the bicycle and the large wheel are being brought to rest by brakes. The bicycle lurches, and the slightest error in steering may send it through the open side of the wheel and precipitate the rider to the stage.

In Germany a genius called Eclair invented an infernal wheel of another sort. It was about 25 feet in

plunge terrifies the spectators, but the real danger is that of being struck and killed by the bicycle, a fate which befell James Fleet in Chicago.

An acrobat named Thompson makes a still more perilous plunge with the aid of simpler apparatus, leaping from the top of a very long vertical ladder into a tank some distance away, which measures only 40 feet in length by 8 feet in width. A slight error in making the leap would bring him to the ground instead of the tank.

The automobile, the queen of sport, shares with the bicycle the glory of these dangerous exhibitions. One of the latest developments is the monstrosity called the autobolide, which is making fame and fortune for Mile. de Tiers.

Another young woman has been less fortunate, for a terrible accident has abruptly terminated the exhibition of the aptly named whirlwind of death, in which she appeared recently at a Paris music hall. In this act the automobile, after running down an inclined plane and up a short curve, was projected into space in a nearly level position, like the bicycle of the human arrow. But when the vehicle had reached the highest point of its trajectory it was caused by an ingenious combination of springs and levers, to turn a complete somersault, after which it continued its flight to the receiving platform, forty feet distant from the point where it had left the first section of the course.

The act was particularly thrilling because the vehicle, at the moment of the somersault, appeared to stop in its onward flight and consequently to be in imminent danger of falling to the floor, twenty feet below. This illusion was due to the very low position of the centre of gravity, which caused the inverted body of the woman to move backward, at that instant, faster than the centre was moving forward.

What is the incentive which impels these men and women to risk their lives nightly before crowds of spectators? Is it ambition, vanity, love of applause, or simply the hope of making a fortune? The American loop the loop was conceived in an essentially practical spirit, and Diavolo, who received \$600 a night, has become a rich man. Mile. Dutrieu, the human arrow, earns \$80,000 a year, Mephisto received \$140, Mile. de Tiers \$200 a night in Paris and larger sums abroad. Imitators, of course, receive less than originators. The current pay for looping the loop is from \$20 to \$40 a night, which is not high, especially if the performer owns the apparatus, which costs at least \$500.

It seems, therefore, that the hope of gain is not the only incentive, but that the performer, like the public, is attracted by the very danger of the act—a curious illustration of the fascination exerted by emotions which in themselves are disagreeable.

SPRINTER DUFFEY'S CONFESSION.

Arthur Duffey, whom many knew to be really a professional, notwithstanding the fact that he has for many years posed as an amateur, has at last made a confession, and as a result he will lose his standing and all of his records.

Duffey has been chasing the dollars with a zeal worthy of a better cause, and during the last few years, everywhere he has turned he has had his hand out for the coin. It seems he has been willing to sacrifice anything for the sake of money, and he has even gone so far as to offer for sale souvenir photographs which had been given to him on the other side during his recent trip.

Here is the way the Amateur Athletic Union stands now in regard to Mr. Duffey:

"No punishment that can be meted out is too severe for Duffey. His name has been frequently placed upon our records and he has been given events that he himself admits he was not entitled to, and his name has been eliminated from the Official Athletic Almanac, and the places left blank, with the hope that the Inter-collegiate Amateur Athletic Association, the Amateur Athletic Association of Great Britain, the Australasian Amateur Athletic Association and the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States will agree that this punishment must be imposed on Duffey and that those who finished second to him in the different events throughout the world will be credited as winners, and his records will be left out of the A. A. U. record books."

A QUICK HORSE TRADE.

One of the quickest trades of any kind ever brought off in Saginaw, Mich., happened at the Potter street Pere Marquette depot recently, when William Kinde and James E. Wynn met each other, both in rather swell single rigs.

"How will you trade?" asked Kinde.
"Give me \$25," replied Wynn.
"Drive on, or even up," said Kinde.
"Get out of your buggy," announced Wynn, and suiting the action to the word he jumped down. Kinde did the same, and inside of 60 seconds the two had traded rigs complete, horses, harness, buggies, whips, robes and everything else, excepting a dog which Wynn grabbed before Kinde could get hold of him. Kinde got back Billy D., a race horse which he formerly owned.

IS THIS THE SMALLEST DOG?

[WITH PHOTO.]

Chiquita, a dog of the Chihuahua breed—one becoming fast extinct—is owned by Hamilton Rayner, of El Paso, Texas. She weighs only twenty-three ounces, but is a perfect specimen, healthy, alert and is two and one-half years old. The breed is a miniature greyhound, with long toe nails and thin, transparent ears, which are always erect.

They are a very intelligent breed of dogs; can be taught all kinds of tricks. The dog is registered with the American Kennel Club of New York City, and was exhibited by the owner—with others—at the St. Louis Exposition, and took first prize.

Mr. Rayner claims she is the smallest dog in the world. Does anyone dispute him?

TO MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS.

The Four-Track News, the well-known illustrated monthly magazine of travel and education, is making an especially advantageous offer to subscription agents, who will find it a quick seller affording very generous profits. Send to the publisher, George H. Daniels, 7 East Forty-second street, New York, for a sample copy and particulars.

AMONG THE PUGILISTS.

Al Fellows, of Chicago, is again in England and looking for matches.

Jimmy Briggs has refused a good offer to meet Rube Smith at Denver, Colo.

The Chicago A. C. has decided to postpone its amateur boxing tournament till Dec. 11.

Gus Ruhlin has been engaged to teach boxing at one of the New York gymnasiums.

Mike Donovan, the Buffalo boxer, says that Gus Gardner was only bluffing when he quit in



DOMINICK W. SALOMONE.

An All-round Athlete, Boxer and Ball Player who has been Signed to Play with the D. A. C. of Jersey City, N. J., Next Season.

their recent fight, claiming that his eyes were blinded by tannic acid poison.

Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, and Billy Edwards, the Australian, are to meet in London.

Digger Stanley, the English bantam, who recently lost to Jimmy Walsh, has returned home to England.

Three boxers in one family is the record of the Murphys of New Zealand—Australian Billy, Tim and Bert.

Jim Jeffries is out with the statement that "not only will I never fight again in the ring, but I will never referee another fight."

Kid Parker, the Denver boxer, who was recently released from a Colorado sanitarium, states that he is going back into the ring.

Billy Gardner, who has been out of the ring for some time, and who is now in pretty good shape, is going to try his hand again.

George Gardner acknowledges that his brother, Jimmy, can't do 133 pounds, and there is little chance of his boxing Battling Nelson.

Joe Gans has not started West owing to the fact that he was not matched to box Mike (Twin) Sullivan for Thanksgiving day as he expected.

Geoff Thorne and Ben Taylor met to decide the English heavyweight championship in London recently and Thorne was awarded the decision.

Johnny O'Donnell forced Joe McMahon to quit in the twelfth round at the Pastime Club, at Buffalo, N. Y., recently. McMahon was outclassed at the start.

Aleck McLean, former manager of Sandy Ferguson, of Boston, has discovered a new heavyweight whom he thinks will be a better man than Ferguson.

Billy Nolan, manager of Battling Nelson, wants to match Nelson's sparring partner, Bob Lundle, against Tommy Sullivan, of St. Louis, or Jimmy Britt, of San Francisco.

Harry Tenney, the California bantam-weight, who recently knocked out Monte Attell in the twenty-fifth round of a finish fight, is coming East with Eddie Hanlon.

THE LATEST HOYLE

Is published by Richard K. Fox, and is fully revised and up-to-date. Every card player should have one. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.

IS WITHOUT AN EQUAL...BELLE GORDON'S PHYSICAL CULTURE BOOK FOR LADIES...ONLY SEVEN 2c. STAMPS

CRIMINALS WHO ARE COOL

—UNUSUAL CASES, OF COURSE—

IN THE FACE OF ARREST

Here is One Man Who Continued Calmly Shaving When the Cops Arrived on the Scene.

HOW A BLISSFUL HONEYMOON WAS CUT SHORT.

Interesting Tale of the Slick Check Kite Who Was Pinched By a Detective While They Were Both Enjoying a Turkish Bath.

A man who has been a long while in the police business, and whose experience as a detective is world-wide, was discoursing about human nature the other day.

"Most men are pretty cool about it when they're put under arrest," he said. "Yet I've nailed a lot of fellows whose nerve and coolness I really admired."

"One of them was a professional layer down of phony checks with whom I caught up at the Southern Hotel in St. Louis. He was a man of 35 or so, and had been lagged a couple of times. When the hotel clerk told me he was in his room, I went right up and rapped on his door."

"Come in!" he called out, and I turned the knob and walked in.

"He was shaving before the dresser glass, and he didn't even turn his head around to see who I might be. He didn't have to, for he saw me in the glass."

"Good morning!" he said, going right on scraping his face. Fine weather, eh?"

"Bully weather," said I.

"Do you shave yourself?" he asked me before I had a chance to tell him what I was there for. "No? Well, I ought to," and he went right ahead and staked me to mighty interesting talk about razors and personally conducted barbering and the advantages thereof, while I wondered if it could be possible if he knew who I was and if he was aware of the fact that my errand in his room was to pinch him."

"Saw a swell variety show at the Standard last night," he went on, after exhausting the barbering subject, as he washed the soap of his face. "Clever lot of trained dogs in it."

"Any bloodhounds?" I asked him staking him to a grin that I meant to be significant.

"None—no bloodhounds," he replied, grinning.

"Then he proceeded to tell me all about the dogs and the rest of the show. He put some powder on his face, combed his hair, got on his collar and tie and cuffs and waistcoat and coat, carefully removed the things from the dresser drawers and packed his Gladstone bag, rang for a couple of cocktails and some cigars, looked me over and told me that I was a bit yellow in color and recommended some dyspepsia tablets and then said:

"Well, I'm ready, old top. There'll be some little delay about the extradition papers, won't there? I'm going to wait for the extradition papers, of course—like

firm that employed him and skiddooed without leaving any trail."

"It took me two months to get scent of him. I found out that he had recently been married in Philadelphia to a girl he had known all his life, and traced him to a neat little detached house in Germantown."

"It was ten o'clock in the morning when I rang his door bell. He came to the door in smoking jacket and slippers, and with the morning paper and a cigar."

"He took one look at me, then tipped me a tremendously meaningful wink."

"Why, hello there, you old scoundrel of a pardner!" he said to me, enthusiastically. "Been expecting you every day. I s'pose you're going to drag me off on that trip through the cotton States that you've been planning?"

"Well, business before pleasure—I'll have to go, I suppose, although I'll hate to leave the girl so soon after we've been married. Josie," calling to his wife, a pretty young woman who just then came into the hall from the dining room, "here's this old business associate of mine," and he sprang a phony name for me with great ease introducing me to his perfectly unsuspecting wife. "He's been threatening for some time to take me down to a section of the cotton belt in which he is interested, and now I s'pose I've just got to go along with him—it means money, you know, my dear."

"Come right into my den, old man—you'll excuse us, my dear, won't you," this to his wife—and we'll talk it over," and he led the way to this tidy smoking room, while his young wife went about her household duties, humming happily."

"Well, it's all up," the young fellow said to me as soon as he'd closed the door of the smoking den on us, "but I'm going to try to make a compromise of it with the firm, and I don't want the girl to know anything about it. If I make the compromise stick she won't have to know anything about it. Well, I'm ready, and we might as well start," and then we went to his wife and had her pack him a suit case, bade her a cheerful goodbye, and we left."

"I let him get away with it in that fashion. He stayed in the Tomb for about two weeks, meeting his lawyers and representatives of the cotton firm he had robbed every day."

"His ace in the hole consisted in the fact that he had the major part of the money he had stolen. He made his compromise stick all right, disgorging about two-

scrape and was back with his young wife in Germantown within twenty days of his arrest."

"I made a mighty easy grab of a self-possession bigamist a few years ago. He was a smooth chap who made a business of marrying elderly women, getting their money, and then clearing out."

"I traced him to a hotel in Chicago just as he was leaving it. I was delighted to see him buy a ticket for New York."

"I was on the same sleeper with him on the ride, and exchanged commonplaces with him in the wash room on the morning the train arrived in Jersey City. I was also right alongside of him on the ferry crossing to Twenty-third street."

"When we got off the ferryboat I walked alongside of him and put my hand on his shoulder."

"You made it pretty easy for me," I told him, informing him quietly that he was under arrest."

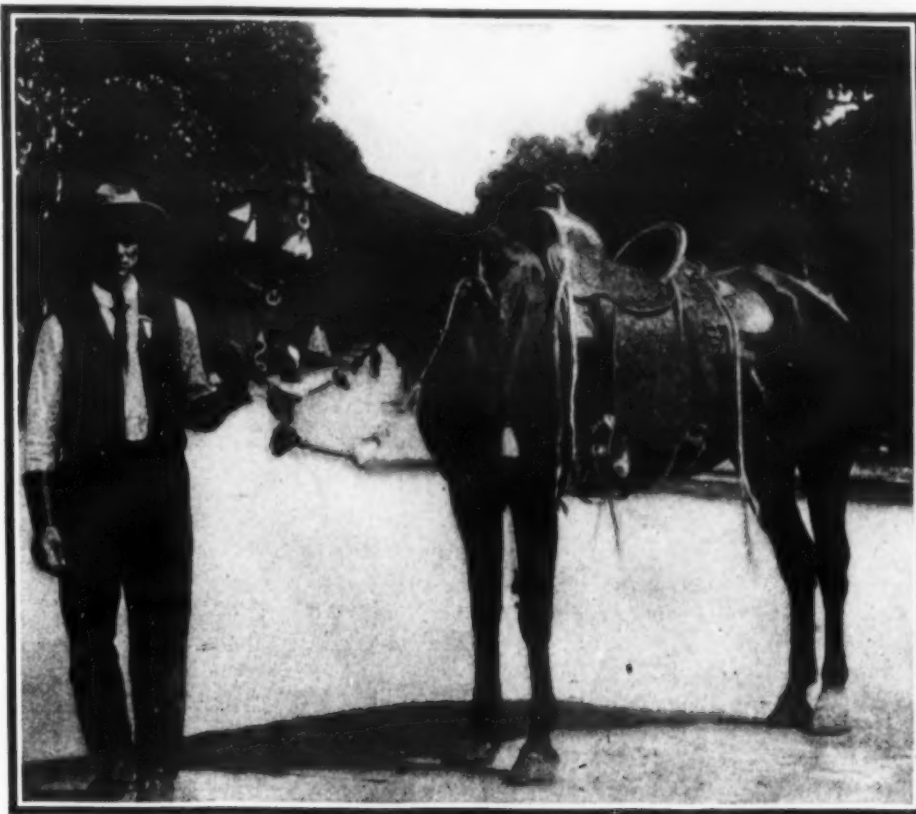
CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

La Howard, the Australian strong man, will make a match with any strong man in America.

Dominik Sofia, 4712 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, issues a deft to any barber in Greater New York.

After a retirement of fifteen months, Hugh McMahon has decided to re-enter the ring, and would



SAM SCOVILLE.

He Won the Title of Champion Rough Rider of the World at Cheyenne, Wyo., recently. The Magnificent Saddle on the Horse went with the Title.

"He never turned a hair, but strolled over to the cigar counter, bought three for a half, offered me one, which I declined, and then, biting the end off one of the smokes, he looked at me with a flickering grin."

"Say," he asked me, "which one of the old women is after me, anyhow?" referring to his string of elderly wives. "If you'd give me a chance to have a five minute talk with whichever one it is, I'll bet you a hat I can square it with her. How about it?"

"There wasn't any how about it, of course, and the cool one with the marrying habit had to face the whole collection in court."

"Once found myself reclining in a chair in the hot room of a Kansas City Turkish bath alongside of a man who had given me a two months chase of it on false trails. He was a penman, and he had kited a lot of the bad papers for big amounts around New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore."

"Pretty hot here, hey?" he said to me as he settled himself back in the reclining chair in the hot room. "You're perspiring like a man that run ten miles in a sweater."

"Well, I've run more than any ten miles," I told him.

"He looked at me curiously."

"You have, eh?" he asked me. "Running where?"

"Oh, all over the country," I told him. "Covered about 6,000 miles the last couple of months."

"That's going some," my man said. "What for?"

"For you, pal," I told him then, getting up from the reclining chair and standing alongside of him.

"Oh, that's it, eh?" he said, without moving in his chair. "Well, d'y'e know, that I kind o' had a hunch that you were a bull? S'pose you'll let me get soaped and rubbed down here, won't you?"

"Sure, I want to finish out the bath myself," I told him, and that is all there was to it.

"After the bath we got our clothes, and he came along with me without papers, as if we'd been going rabbit hunting."

CHARLES RITTER.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Charles Ritter the captain and manager of the unbeaten All-Ireland Basketball Team, is the owner of one of the finest bull terriers in the country. The dog weighs 40 pounds and has never been beaten.

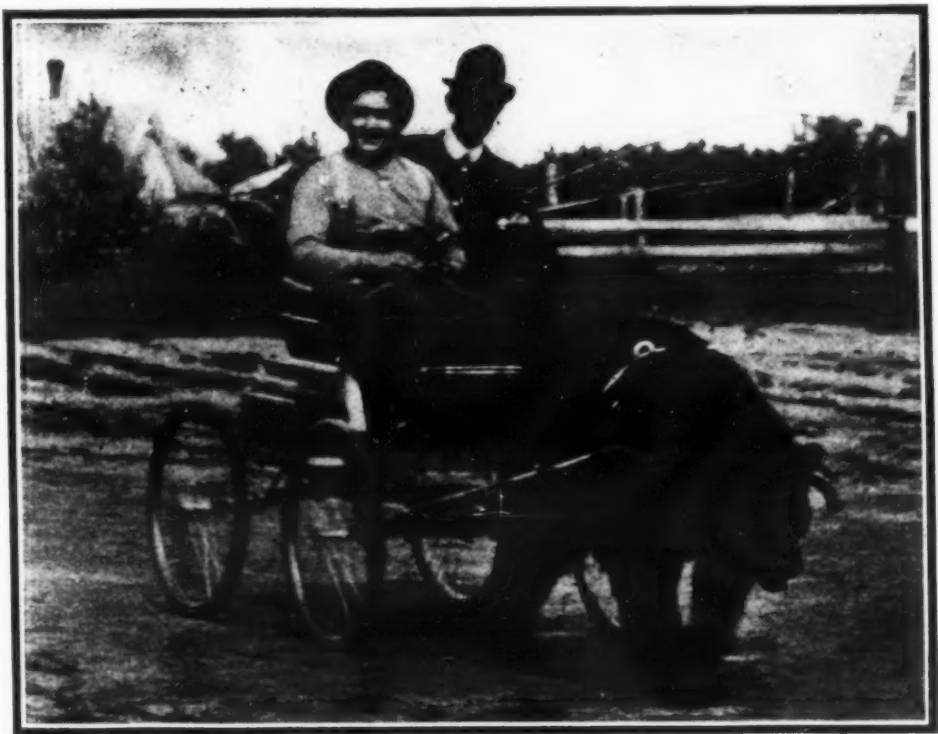
EASY FOR FORBES.

Ex-bantam champion, Harry Forbes, disposed of Young Garfield, of Chicago, at the Riverside A. C., Peoria, Ill., on Oct. 31. The Chicago lad did not have a look in and went to the floor in the first round. He stuck through the second, but in the third was floored three times by rights to the wind.

TOMMY DALY PUT AWAY.

For the second time in his ring career Tommy Daly, of Brooklyn, was knocked out cold. The trick was done this time by Kid Sullivan, of Washington, at Baltimore, on Nov. 2, and the end came in the eighth round. The men had fought three times before, Sullivan getting the decision twice and Daly once.

In the eighth Sullivan got his left to the jaw and then his right to the body. Daly clinched desperately and before the referee could break them Sullivan swung a short right to the solar plexus that paralyzed Daly, and as the latter was falling, two strong lefts in the same spot came like lightning and laid him out stiff.



A WONDERFUL BEAR.

Moxey. Owned and Trained by Charles Plute, Chilhowee, Mo., and whom his Owner will Match Against Any Wrestling Bear in the Country.

to have things done in due form. By the way, what's the charge against me, and the amount of the bogus, and what bank's doing the kicking?"

"I told him, he trimming his nails in the meanwhile and looking somewhat bored. Then we went down in the elevator, got a cab, and were driven to St. Louis headquarters, where I had him remanded to await extradition. I brought him East a few days later, and, at the conclusion of his trial, saw him accept his three-speaker with a yawn."

"Another cool one was a young fellow I grabbed in Germantown, Philadelphia. He had stolen a good bunch of money from a New York cotton brokerage

thirde of the money. He told the firm that if they declined to see it that way he'd take his medicine and they'd never get a nickel of the coin."

"They wanted the money, and he got out of the

WARRIORS OF THE GRIDIRON.

No matter how good they are, can learn something from Billy Bannard's Book on Football, No. 14 of Fox's Athletic Library. All of the great plays are illustrated with photographs. Price 10 cents; postage 4 cents extra.

like a match with any 155-pound man in the business, to box before the club offering the largest purse.—Ed C. Sweetman, 7 Stillah Flats, Toledo, Ohio.

Frank Noonan, of South Omaha, Neb., challenges any man in the West to compete with him in a beet killing contest.

Jim Burke, a Brooklyn, N. Y., handball player, has some admirers who will back him to meet any Brooklynite in a series of games.

Jim Callaghan, of 200½ West Thirty-fourth street, New York, would like to meet Johnny Coulon, the 150-pound boxer of Chicago, Ill.

Tom Burrows, holder of the club swinging record of fifty-four hours, is now in South Africa, and wants to meet any club swinger in the world.

Mike Thomas, brother of Young Thomas, challenges any boxer in America at 90 pounds for a good side bet. Address 38 Forsyth street, New York City.

I have been in the wrestling game a long while, and I am here still, ready and willing to meet any man in the business.—Farmer Burns, Big Rock, Ia.

I claim that my two sons are the champion boy athletes of America, boxing or wrestling, and will back them.—C. J. Weiss, 418 Roberts street, Baltimore, Md.

Kid Feltman, of 832 Bingham street, Reading, Pa., is after a match with any 130-pound boxer, and would like to hear from Tim Callahan, Joe Bernstein or Johnny Marto.

Gad B. Henderson, colored bartender for Messrs. Shuman & Co., Salisbury, N. C., issues a challenge to any colored bartender in the country to meet him in a drink-mixing contest.

George Labrie, of Salem, Mass., challenges any man to lift with the hair in any way. He especially desires to hear from Joseph Dupuis of Southbridge, Mass., who claimed the title of champion.

George Jacobs, a New Orleans boxer, who is well thought of in the South, was a caller at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently, and stated that he came North to seek matches with any 125-pound boxer.

I hereby challenge any one-legged boxer in the world. Peg McCall or John A. Emmett can be accommodated, and I claim to be the world's champion.—C. A. Hansen, 1534 Pacific avenue, Tacoma, Wash.

Jim Parr, the well-known heavyweight wrestler, thinks he is the individual that can take the measure of Fred Beel, the Wisconsin whirlwind, on the mat. Parr is anxious for a finish contest, best two in three falls.

Harry Taylor, of Philadelphia, is open to meet any 125-pound boy in the business, Eddie Wallace, Willie Gibbs, Marty Kane or any one in the city of that weight.—Alfred Williams, 1207 Fairmount avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

GOOD FOOTBALL PLAYERS

Can get points from the book written by Billy Bannard, the famous Princeton authority. It is specially illustrated, and shows all the fine points. It also contains the rules for Association and Rugby. Price 10 cents; postage 4 cents extra.



OVER A 5 FOOT 10 INCH BAR.

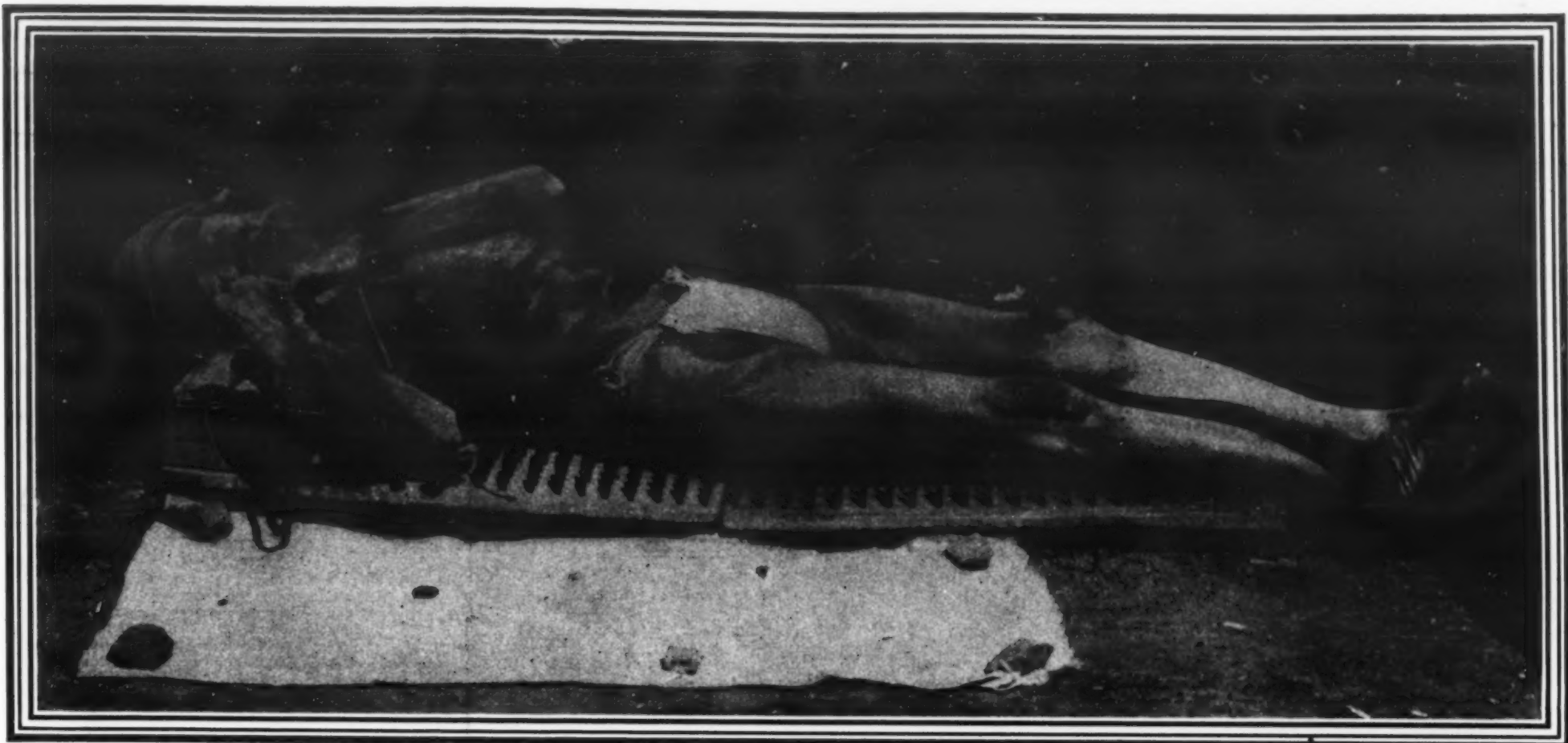
AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF S. JONES, A NEW YORK ATHLETE, SHOWING THE PECULIAR POSITION HE ASSUMES WHILE CLEARING THE BAR ON THE HIGH JUMP.



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WHAT A BALLOON LOOKS LIKE.

CAPT. BALDWIN, THE FAMOUS AND DARING CALIFORNIA AERONAUT, SHOWING AN ENORMOUS CAPTIVE BALLOON IN HIS WORK SHOP ON THE PACIFIC COAST.



NOT A COMFORTABLE COUCH.

REMARKABLE PICTURE OF AN ENTHUSIASTIC HINDOO DEVOTEE DOING PENANCE ON A BED OF SPIKES NEAR THE SHRINE OF KALI, CALCUTTA, INDIA.



AN ATHLETE IN ACTION.

FEUERBACH CAUGHT BY THE ARTIST'S CAMERA IN THE ACT OF PUTTING THE SHOT WHICH WON FOR HIM THE GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE WINNER.

PHILADELPHIA JACK CAN —FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP— HAVE A MATCH WITH FITZ

Battling Nelson, with Challenges from Britt, McGovern and Gardner, Declines to Forsake the Footlights.

UNPRINCIPLED MANAGER AND HIS WAYS CRITICISED

Owen Moran Whips an American Nobody—Jimmy Gardner Makes Friends in 'Frisco—Hints for Terry McGovern—Small Talk.

"Here we are again," as the clown used to say when he tumbled into the circus ring in our juvenile days, causing much joy and merry laughter. So comes also our old and genial friend, Bob Fitzsimmons, fresh from his footlight triumphs, to convince a pessimistic world that his fighting days are not yet over. Ever since Jeffries renounced his claim to the championship title, freckled Robert has been trying to locate the logical man who could belittlingly cope with him in a battle for the unclaimed honor. He has finally settled upon Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, whose sensational victory the other night over Al Kauffman, brought him into range as a proper opponent. Fitz has therefore formally challenged the Philadelphian to a battle of twenty-five rounds to determine who is best fitted to hold the heavyweight championship title.

Fitzsimmons ruled Marvin Hart out of the reckoning as a heavyweight champion, inasmuch as Hart had ignored the oft-repeated challenge of the veteran to meet him in the ring.

Fitzsimmons says he will fight O'Brien on a winner-take-all basis or divide the purse. He declares he will post a \$2,500 forfeit to bind a match.

Although Kauffman was little more than an amateur, he gave O'Brien a great fight and I question whether the latter ever put up a battle which more enhanced his reputation.

Every one figured that O'Brien, who was used to six-round goes, would blow up after that, and would prove an easy mark for the local giant, but O'Brien was as full of steam at the end of the seventeenth round as he was at the start. He completely outclassed Kauffman and it is confidently asserted that he can go a distance with any of the present day heavyweights, barring, of course, Jeffries. In a fight with Fitzsimmons, O'Brien would have the advantage in everything but height; and a fitter opponent for the lanky Australian could hardly be found. His measurements are as follows: Age, 28 years; weight, 168 pounds; height, 5 feet 10½ inches; reach, 73½ inches; biceps, 14 inches; forearm, 12 inches; chest (normal) 39 inches; chest (expanded) 43 inches; waist, 31 inches; thigh, 22 inches; calf, 16 inches; neck, 16 inches; wrist, 7½ inches. His comparative youth would give him an advantage in agility over his opponent, and in point of cleverness there is little to choose between them. He is not, however, a knocker out, and he is deficient in punching ability, while we all know that Fitz can wallop harder perhaps than any man who is fighting to-day. O'Brien's gameness, however, is seriously questioned and this is due to reputed disposition which he has shown to "frame up" matches in which he must win rather than engaging in bona fide fights with men of his own class. A case in point occurred a couple of years ago when he fought Marvin Hart.

Hart was to make 170 pounds. There was a long delay after the last preliminary, the men staying in their dressing-rooms. Finally the announcer stepped into the ring and said that Hart was hog-fat, and had refused to weigh in. It looked like no fight.

Another half hour, and then came Jack O'Brien tripping gayly down to the ringside. Philadelphia Jack made his usual theatrical entrance, picked out a corner, and then stepped over to the side of the ring where the newspaper men were clustered.

"Hart weighs 182½ pounds," he said. "I wasn't going on, but he has agreed to forfeit the entire purse as well as his \$250 weight money if he fails to knock me out in six rounds."

The fight started. O'Brien, to the intense surprise of his friends, piled into Hart savagely and beat him all over the ring. Hart seemed taken off his feet. He fought back in a bewildered way. Once he landed a right-hander that nearly knocked O'Brien across the ring, but failed to follow up his advantage. It was a great fight, and the crowd went wild. Jack O'Brien made a reputation by the way he forced the fighting, and people talked about how vicious Jack could be when he felt real mad.

It was thrilling, but much easier to understand when the real story came out later. Hart had been forced to agree to forfeit his share of the purse if he did knock O'Brien out.

One thing that can be said in O'Brien's favor is that he is a good matchmaker and can hold out for the best of it an interminable length of time, preferring to lose a match and the chances of fighting unless he gets every concession he asks for. Of course he cannot be blamed for that and if he fights Fitz his admirers can depend upon it that he will not start out with the worst of it.

Gus Ruhlin, too, comes up smiling with a request for a chance to go against Fitzsimmons. "I'll fight him and I'll fight him as soon as he likes," said Gus the other day in his most daring manner.

"He says he stopped his show to get a fight," continued Gustave. "Well, here's his chance. He can't ignore me. In fact he said he would fight me or Hart or O'Brien, and I'm on the ground floor, I'll meet him anywhere and at any weight, and I'm not particular about the details of the terms."

"I want a fight as bad as he says he does and I never had any show to close up either, so let him come ahead and frame the matter up. Furthermore, I've got work

here in New York, and I'll be here with all sails set until I get a match. That's all."

Gus is talking business. And he evidently means it. He hasn't much of a reputation as an orator—at least not as much as some others—and considering the fact that he was out West for some time trying in vain to

anyone else before gathering in that bunch of coin. "I can only say, as I have always said, that when I am through with this trip I will meet any man in the world who can make the weight. Jimmy Britt, of course, preferred, and none barred."

Jim Jeffries, who towers over the whole bunch in listiana, is busy on his ranch, his sole diversion being a shy at the green-cloth game in the Rockies. He says there are no Patil trimmings to his retirement, but fare has sent many a noble blood back to work.

Johnny Reid's letter published a few weeks ago in this column, seems to have stirred up quite a rumble among fighting enthusiasts in lower California, and I have received a dozen letters from interested, as well as disinterested, people, protesting against the injustice done to Eddie Hanlon by Willie Fitzgerald's manager. The Los Angeles Herald reprints Reid's letter to me, and the sporting editor, who seems disposed to see fairness done to all parties, follows it up with the following discriminating comment:

"The letter reads like the wallings of a disappointed child and the untruths contained in the printed copy are so evident that denial is unnecessary, unless, forsooth, it be for the information of a misguided public east of the Rockies and to correct a false impression which may have resulted from the publication."

"For Willie Fitzgerald's sake it is hoped by the local sporting fraternity that his manager did not make the statements attributed to him, but it is equally fair to presume that the POLICE GAZETTE would not publish the letter if it was not bona fide."

"On the presumption that Reid wrote the letter, it is condemned by all who witnessed the fight or are acquainted with Charles Elton, Eddie Hanlon or Tom McCarey."

"Any imputation upon the honesty or integrity of these men is a direct slap at the game on the Coast, as they are more than ordinarily prominent in the pro-

presumably, in good faith, and republished with a view to correcting what was represented to me to have been an injustice. I share with the writer of the above his disgust for a man like Reid who would be guilty of resorting to such methods, and earnestly hope he may be rewarded as he deserves. It is needless to say that we regret having, though innocently, been the cause of doing Hanlon any injustice!"

Another American with a false alarm reputation got all that was coming to him in England the other night. He wasn't satisfied to tackle somebody whom he might have beaten, but with temerity born of avarice, he went against Owen Moran, the best bantamweight in England, and was knocked cold in three rounds. This fellow calls himself Al Fellows, of Boston, but his reputation here, if he has any, is an obscure one. He was no match for Moran, who beat him from the tap of the gong in the opening round until he put him to sleep with a right hand swing on the jaw after fighting two minutes of the third round. This is the second time Fellows has been to England, they say, and also the second time he was beaten there.

Marvin Hart, the self-selected holder of the title of heavyweight champion of the world, has not been marked for any pernicious activity in the fighting game since claiming the title, except supplying the press bureaus of Louisville with large bales of copy on what he intends to do. Hart may break loose some day and fight, providing he can find a little easy game.

Jimmy Gardner looks like the man whom Battling Nelson will have to reckon with when it comes down to a "case" proposition involving the lightweight championship. Gardner is now in San Francisco, establishing an *entente cordiale* with the people who are most prominent in the fighting game, and has already made a public announcement of his willingness to fight either Nelson or Britt.

Gardner was sweeping in his deft and generous in his offering to meet either Jimmy or the Battler. He declared that he would not squabble over a referee and said that his opponent could pick any reputable sporting man. "Either of them can have whatever they want. I will agree to Graney, Welch, Jeffries, Siler, or Harry Corbett, or any other reputable man," said Jimmy. "Not only that, but I will make a side bet that I can beat either one of them." His announcement was vociferously cheered, and if applause is any gauge of public sentiment, then the public of San Francisco demand that either Nelson or Britt fight Gardner.

In places where sporting men congregate, the possibility of a match between Gardner and either Nelson or Britt was discussed with great eagerness. Gardner has a host of admirers and many of them believe that the Lowell boy can beat either Nelson or Britt. At any rate the California fight fans are eager for such a bout, and when they talk about the possible match they grow excited as though the go were already assured.

Sporting men who know the public pulse, when sounded on the probability of such a match, declared that it would outdraw any of the recent fights held on the Coast.

Gardner assured the public that he could make 133 pounds and be in good shape. He also said that he would back himself with his own money against either Nelson or Britt. At present the prospects for a fight between Gardner and Nelson or Britt look good. The public want such a fight, and, as in all other things, the public demand will finally have to be satisfied.

Terry McGovern's eagerness to regain his laurels too quickly may lead him into making an irreparable error. Of course, his quick and decisive victory over Tommy Murphy may justify the hope that he can beat either Battling Nelson or Young Corbett, but if Terry's advisers are wise they will do their level best to refrain from letting the Brooklyn lad face the Dane, at least, just now. Nelson is beyond doubt one of the best lightweights in the world at present. He has shown his steel in many fights, and if he tackles McGovern at 130 pounds, even in a six-round bout, it is a safe wager that he will dispose of Terry as handily as McGovern took Murphy's measure. The same may be said concerning a match between McGovern and Young Corbett. The latter has beaten McGovern on two occasions, and ought to accomplish the trick as many times more, many think. If McGovern and Corbett ever meet, the recollection of his two defeats will prey on Terry's mind and he will be afraid of his conqueror. The same thing was illustrated when Jeffries fought Fitzsimmons. Fitz was able to beat every man he met, save the boiler-maker. When he tackled the champion he went down before him twice.

Undoubtedly a match with either Corbett or Nelson will prove an immense drawing card. But McGovern's desire to restore himself to public favor again should not be sacrificed for the money that he may earn from such matches. A good plan would be to keep McGovern off the stage and send him out in the country, where he can get a long rest. In the meantime he might arrange a match with either Abe Attell or any other clever but less sturdy puncher. In such a bout McGovern's strength and speed would receive a test. If successful, then, and only then, would be the proper time to consider a mill with either Nelson or Corbett.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

WARNING TO SUBSCRIBERS.

A subscription collector known as Forman Sickels, who has been doing some work for the POLICE GAZETTE in New York City and vicinity, is no longer connected with this paper and subscribers who do business with him do so at their own risk.

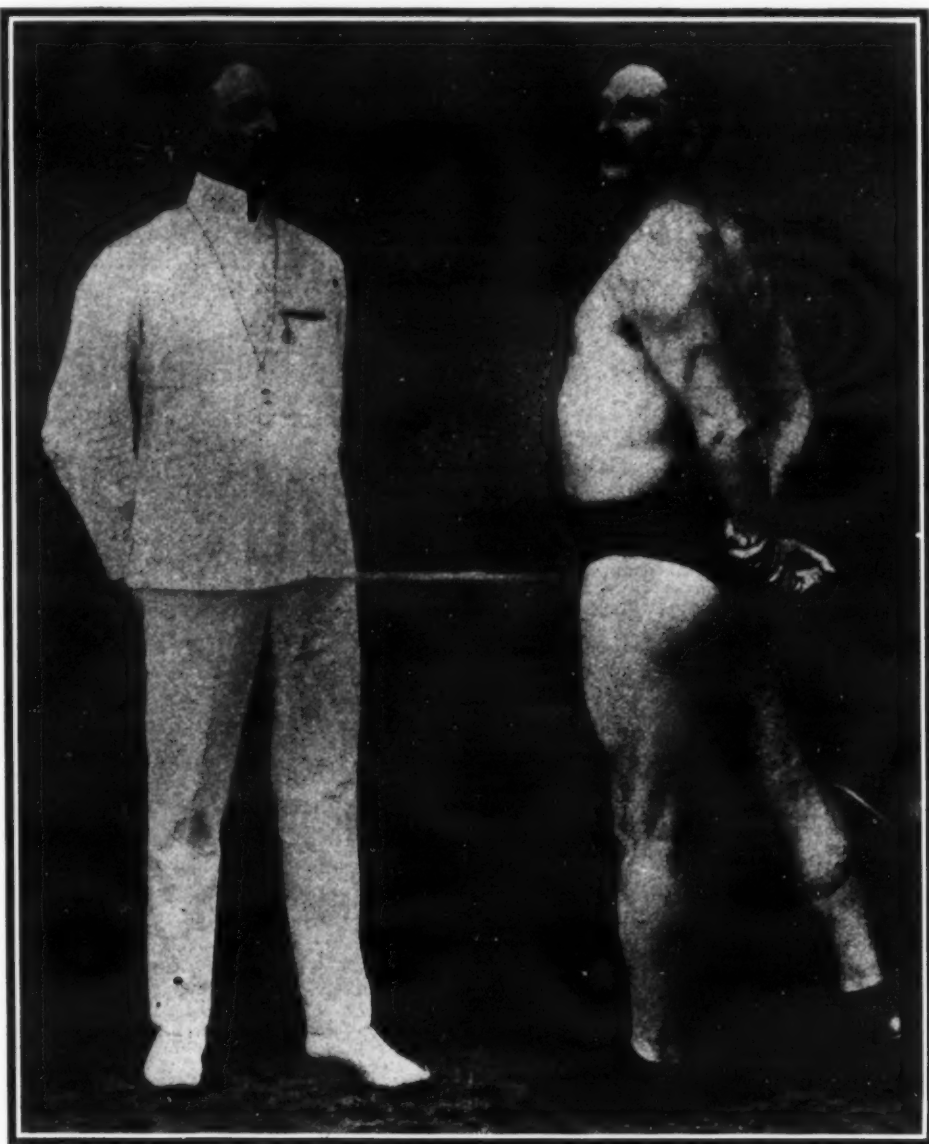
ABE WAS CLEVER.

Abe Attell met Chic Tucker in a three-round bout in private before the Summit A. C. in New York, on Oct. 31, and outpointed Tucker from start to finish.

The bout was a sample of the real thing, and made the spectators hungry for more. Attell played for Tucker's nose in the three rounds, and had that member in a very sore condition at the end.

A CARD AUTHORITY.

If you want the real thing get Fox's Revised Hoyle's Games. It is the best published. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.



JOHN S. BARNES.

These photographs were taken on his Fiftieth Birthday; he has been a Professional Athlete for Thirty-four Years, and issues a Challenge to any Man Fifty Years Old or over to Meet him in a Contest which shall include Boxing, Wrestling, Running and Jumping.

get a match with Willie and others unsuccessfully, it is natural to suppose he is in earnest.

Battling Nelson is still emphatic in his determination not to fight Joe Gans, and while he may look with favor upon a battle with McGovern, he has not evinced any particular eagerness to "call" the latter on his proposition. Nelson seems to think that Britt is the one who deserves most consideration and thinks the latter was well within his rights when he asked for another chance. Speaking the other day of his future plans Nelson said:

"You may say for me, that I am more than willing to give Jimmy another chance. He gave me another chance, although I must admit, and all fair-minded people will bear me out, that he was forced to do so. But that is neither here nor there."

"I think I would be foolish not to take Britt on again. In the first place, Britt and myself would draw more money than any other man I could meet. Then I believe I can beat him again. He is a hard, game fighter, and a far better man than I thought he was after our first meeting. I know I will have to be at my best to beat him, and I think I can."

"Of course, I am entitled to all the 'easy money' I can make out of my theatrical engagements, and in justice to Britt must say he concedes that fact himself. My engagements, now contracted, call for \$35,000 worth of guarantees, and more to follow, and I would be foolish to throw that kind of money away to meet Britt or

EVERYBODY SHOULD

Play Cards according to the Revised Hoyle. Just out, bigger and better than ever. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.

motion of the sport in Southern California and are recognized in an entirely different light than that in which Reid has placed them.

"The answer of these men and the interested public is that the fight was on the square so far as Hanlon, Elton and McCarey are concerned. Whatever crooked work may have been contemplated or wrought by the Fitzgerald contingent is up to them to answer for, as it was not a matter of publicity and is not credited here."

"No complaint was ever heard from Johnny Reid as to the referee."

"Fitz never had a peep for a decision from the tap of the gong until he fouled Eddie Hanlon three times in the last round, twice after being cautioned by Elton, and at a time when Fitz was bulging through the ropes, hanging on for dear life, gasping for breath and practically knocked out. That he was beaten and whipped to a standstill is the universal verdict of all who saw the fight."

"If Reid wrote such a letter and made the statements contained in the published copy it will be only the manly thing for him to humbly apologize to Messrs. Elton, Hanlon and McCarey or leave the Coast with his charge Willie Fitzgerald, who was beaten almost to a pulp by Eddie Hanlon, was knocked around the ring like he was only a rag baby and failed to show anything in his fight that would class him as a boxer of any ability."

"Until this letter is satisfactorily explained by Reid and Fitzgerald and ample reparation made for the undignified and indefensible attack upon Hanlon, Elton and McCarey, it is safe to say that neither Fitzgerald nor Reid will find any latch strings on the outside of doors in Southern California."

I can positively assure my esteemed contemporary that Reid's letter came to me, exactly as it was printed,

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Many Wagers for Our Readers.

Reader.—Was James J. Corbett ever champion of the world? ...He was not.

W. H. W., Allegheny, Pa.—There are plenty of boxing teachers in Pittsburgh.

D. N., Liberty, N. Y.—Was John L. Sullivan ever champion of the world? ...No.

G. J. W., Marietta, O.—Could you give me the name and address of some theatrical teacher? ...No.

Reader, Baltimore, Md.—Three-handed pinochle; a player melds 100 and does not get a trick; does meld count? ...Usually runs out.

Subscriber, Baltimore, Md.—Which is the highest hand, both being straight flushes; one from ace to five, the other nine to the king? ...Nine to king.

C. J. C., Bridgeport, Conn.—Setback; bid to the board; A is 7; B is 9; A buys for three; makes high, jack game; B makes low; who wins? ...Low wins.

C. N. D., Newark, N. J.—Who was the first champion heavyweight of the world? Did Peter Jackson ever have a right to the title? ...1. James Figg, 2. No.

E. E. N., Sheridan, Ind.—A bets B that Cicero wins a game of football against Sheridan. Neither club scores. Who wins? ...A loses on a technicality.

M. J. M., Calumet, Mich.—Let me know where Harvey Parker and Fred Beel wrestled on Oct. 21? ...1. They did not wrestle. 2. We do not sell photographs.

Sporty Bill, Ellensburg, Wash.—Where could I get a picture of Alfred De Oro, pool player, and Maurice Vignaux, billiard player? ...There are none for sale that we know of.

Subscriber, Ivanhoe, Minn.—What is the nationality of Dahlen, Brenahan and Mathewson, of the New York Giants, and George Bothner, the wrestler? ...All Americans.

J. O'C., Chicago, Ill.—Three handed pitch; A is ten; B is eight; C is three and bids three and pitches; A holds low card; B holds high, jack and game; which wins? ...Low wins.

L. N. H., Summit, Miss.—Pitch; A is four, and having first bid, bids three, and makes them, and B is six and makes one (and that one is high) is A or B the winner? ...B wins.

Reader, Bridgeport.—Pitch; bid to the board; dealer makes what is bid; A is three to go; B is one to go; A buys the pitch, makes high, jack, game; B makes low; who wins? ...Low wins.

Civic Club, New York.—In three-handed auction pinochle; A melds spade 150; king and queen of hearts, king and queen of diamonds, king and queen of clubs, also extra queen of clubs; B claims that the four pair count 220; deducting 40 that goes to make up the 150, leaving 180, and 150 makes the total meld 330; A claims that the extra club queen increases the meld 20 points, making same 350; who is right? ...350 is right.

H. R., Guttenberg, N. J.—A claims that the ten of diamonds is always the best card in a game of forty-five; B claims that the five spot is best trump if suit is turned up? ...Five spot.

M. T. Flask, Bonners Ferry, Idaho.—Tell me how to mix a "Drunkard's Dream," and another called a "Kentucky Colonel"? ...Unless it is in our "Bartender's Guide," we don't know.

S. C. S., Frankfort, Ky.—Pitch, bid for trump; A is dealing; B bids four times and bidder goes out if he makes four without being any points; can A bid four and take the bid from B? ...Yes.

E. D., Newmarket, N. H.—If with a crown man, you have on one side two men to jump, and on the other side one, what are you supposed to do; this is in a game of 24, draw? ...Never heard of the game.

Reader, Bridgeport, Conn.—A and B are playing a ten point game of auction pitch; bid to the board; A has three points to go; B has one point to go; A bids B three times; B sells; A makes low, jack, game; B makes high; who wins? ...B wins.

F. J. C., Corning, N. Y.—Indian dice; one man threw four sixes in one throw and the next man threw five aces in one; the question was, did the ace count as five of anything they called them, or did they count nothing? ...They count as five aces.

J. W. W., Dunn, N. C.—A and B play a game of setback of seven points; A is six, one point to go; B is four, three points to go; B bids three and makes trump; also makes low, jack and the game; A claims out on high; which wins? ...High wins.

J. McG., Euclid, A and B are partners; C and D are partners; A deals the cards; C passes; B tells A to pick up trump; C and D say they can't do it unless B goes alone; can A and B play the hand together or must B go alone? ...B must go it alone.

E. B. L., Clifton Forge, Va.—A bets there is a breed of running horses named thoroughbreds; B says not; does the name thoroughbred apply to any one certain breed of horses? ...It is the distinguishing title applied to race horses other than trotters or pacers.

W. R. D., Garrett, Ind.—The Garrett Baseball Club plays Saturday and Sunday baseball here, and they divide the gate receipts among the players, the players, however, work on the railroad or in the shops through the week; would you call this team professional or amateur? ...Semi-Professional.

J. A. D., San Francisco, Cal.—Once out, can a person pass and come in again before draw? Jack-pot; A, B, C and D; A opens; B stays; C passes; D stays; A bets the others out; B holds his hand; D throws his in dead wood. It is discovered that A has six cards, of course, B takes the pot; the question to be decided is in

regard to the penalty; Does A give twice his ante to B in addition to what is in the pot, or is it a sufficient penalty for A, or is the penalty added to next pot and A barred; of course, if no one comes in and A opened on six cards there is a new deal and penalty added to pot. On coming in; the man to declare, it states, is the man under the gun; first up with his ante, first to draw and first to bet. Do I infer that on a call for cards the



SERGEANT DOYLEY.

A Trick Rider of Troop E, Ninth U. S. Cavalry, at Batangas, P. I., whom Ben Goodrich will Match Against Any Rider in the Service.

dealer passes the ace and helps the man under the gun first and the ace last? Chances on the draw; drawing to one pair is $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 against; on page 57 of Poker; How to Win, it states that it is $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 on getting two pair and 8 to 1 against three; how else could the pair be improved; to what does the $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 against refer? ...1. Yes. 2. Penalty is added to next pot. 3. No. 4. 8 to 1 and $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 average $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1.

J. M. C., North Adams, Mass.—Pitch; ten points; four-handed game of partners; A deals, and is nine; B is eight, bids three and makes the trump; B leads the ace of trumps; his partner plays the deuce; B leads the trey; A saves the jack and claims the game, because he

saves it before the bidder has made his three; hasn't the hand got to be played out to see if B makes his points or gets set back? ...B and partner win if they make their bid.

E. E., Jersey City.—Poker, How to Win is what you want. Send six 2-cent stamps to this office for it.

H. S. J., Bryan, Tex.—In a game of seven-handed jack-pot draw poker; A is dealing; B, on dealer's left, opens jack-pot; C has openers and stays; D raises; the balance of the players pass; B then claims that he can't open, and shows down two deuces; C claims right to take his money out of pot; D objects; who is right? ...C is right.

C. W. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—Poker; A draws four cards to an ace; after the draw only two remain; B makes a bet; A finds that the ace he drew to has been gathered in the discards; C bets that a person holding only four cards after the draw is not entitled to play, as he should have five cards? ...A cannot win; four cards is a dead hand.

J. P., Kansas City, Mo.—Could you give me any information as to the pugilistic records of George Munroe and Kid Hubert? Does Kid Hubert hold the middle-weight championship of the South at present? Is Munroe rated as a first-class fighter nowadays? ...1. No, records are out of print. 2. If there is such a title, 3. Munroe has retired.

M. M., New Orleans, La.—There was a game of baseball played between club A and club B; club A was in, and club B out; club A had one man on third base only, and a batter up with two strikes; the pitcher of club B accidentally makes a balk; can the umpire send the man who is on third base home on a balk when there is no man on first or second base? ...Yes.

S. F. A., Detroit, Mich.—Dealing in draw poker; there are four playing; the dealer deals six cards apiece; first man to the left raises his cards; player opposite dealer doesn't raise his cards but calls a misdeal; player to the right raises five cards and leaves the other one and demands the ante; we were playing all jacks? ...It is a misdeal as soon as one card too many is off the pack.

C. M., Arctic Centre, R. I.—Two handed cribbage; A led first, a deuce; B paired and A played a third deuce; B played an ace; A played a five spot; B played a trey, making fifteen; A then played a four spot and claimed five; B then played another ace and claimed a run of five and last card; A claims that B had no right to the run of five; who is right? ...The last card; was no run.

C. S., Alliance, O.—A, B, C and D playing railroad euchre; A deals; B passes; C orders it up; calls for his partner's best trump, and plays it alone; D calls for B's best trump and plays it alone with C; C takes three tricks and claims four points? A, B, C, D and E playing jack pot poker; A deals; B breaks pot and A stands it; B stands pat; A draws one card; B bets \$1; A passes; B shows his hand and can't break the pot; he asked A what he stayed on and he replied: "Tens and sixes;" B claimed the pot; A claimed B could not break it and had no right to it; B claims if there was breakers out before the draw he had a right to play his hand; which is right? Poker; again A stays on two sixes, makes his third six and makes a bet; B looks at his hand finds he cannot break it; A claims the pot; house rules; B leaves his money in the pot, and the hand be played over; who is right? ...1. He counts one. 2. B cannot win that pot. 3. B is right.

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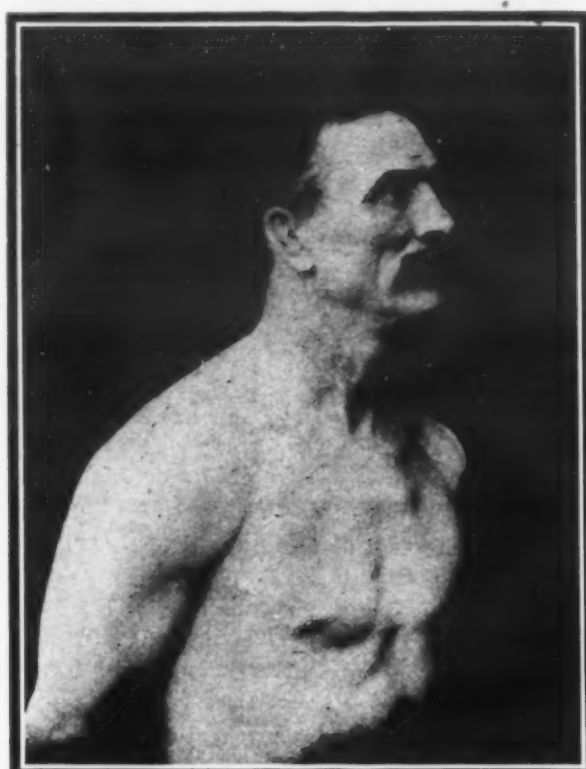
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Photo by Waldon Fawcett: Washington, D. C.

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BRITISH SOLDIERS IN CAMP WITH THEIR RATIONS--THEY DON'T SEEM TO CARE FOR SUCH THINGS AS CHAIRS AND TABLES.



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ONE OF THE GREATEST AMERICAN WRESTLERS WHO CHALLENGES.



SMALLEST IN THE WORLD?

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J. CUMMINGS AND HIS DOGS.

HE IS THE CRACK BARTENDER AT THE PARKER HOUSE, ASTORIA, ORE.



W. J. THOMAS.

A SPORT OF HIBERNIA, N. J., AND HIS ZIEGLER GAME PIT BIRD.



HERE'S A FIGHTER.

OWNED BY C. RITTER, A POPULAR ATHLETE, OF TRENTON, N. J.



Photo by Waldon Fawcett: Washington, D. C.

SOME GOOD HOUNDS.

THE THOROUGHbred PACK AND ONE OF THEIR KEEPERS IN THE KENNELS OF THE CHEVY CHASE HUNT CLUB, WASHINGTON, D. C.



NELLIE O'NEILL.

THE TALENTED SINGER AND DANCER WHO HAS APPEARED IN MANY BROADWAY PRODUCTIONS AND IS NOW A TOPLINER IN VAUDEVILLE.

A POPULAR SALOONIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips in This Column.



Patsy Magner is the proprietor of the Ideal Cafe at Sioux City, Iowa, which is the headquarters of the sporting fraternity in that section of the country. Mr. Magner is well versed on sports, particularly boxing.

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There isn't a bartender in the business who hasn't a chance to get a medal if he will only try for one.
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And a simple little recipe for a new drink will win them for you.

Five minutes' effort.
Could anything be easier?
Where in the world could you get a medal with so little effort.
Besides, even if it should so happen that you did not win, your recipe would be published with your name and address.

CHUCK CONNORS Pousse Cafe.
(By R. N. Kohlman, Henrietta Bar, Chillicothe, Mo.)
Float an equal quantity of the following liquors: Raspberry syrup, Creme de Menthe, Curacao, green Chartreuse, Brandy for top.

MIDNIGHT ALARM.
(By R. E. Brady, First and Last Chance, Leavenworth, Kan.)
Use small bar glass of shaved ice; two dashes strawberry syrup; three dashes Angostura; one jigger Geneva gin; two dashes of lemon juice. Serve with cherries in cocktail glass.

CREME DE MENTHE RICKEY.
(By M. A. Cottrell, 206 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va.)
One-half whiskey glass Creme de Menthe; one quarter of a lime; one lump of ice. Pour into highball glass, serve with White Rock or syphon.

AUDITORIUM SPECIAL.
(By Ralph Wheeler, Fitzgerald's Auditorium, Atlantic City, N. J.)
Use Delmonico glass; juice of half a lime; three dashes of gum; three dashes of Jamaica rum; lump of ice; fill glass with Rye whiskey and squirt of seltzer.

TEDDY'S TODDY.
(By Alex. Jemison, 1021 Washington street, Waukegan, Ill.)
One-half jigger Cognac brandy; one-half jigger Dry Sherry; one-half cube loaf sugar; white of one egg; bar spoon of Benedictine. Fill mixing glass half full shaved ice, shake, strain in toddy glass and serve with dash of nutmeg on top.

HOME RUN.
(By Louis Schmidt, Chambers & Mifflin Streets, Trenton, N. J.)
Use large bar glass three-quarters full shaved ice; one pony Creme de Menthe; fill glass three-quarters full Litchia seltzer; one pony of Rye or Brandy. Pour all ingredients in carefully to get the colors separated, Creme de Menthe on the bottom, seltzer in the middle and brandy on top.

EAGLE JULEP.
(By D. T. Burke, 123 Madison Av., Montgomery, Ala.)
One tablespoon sugar dissolved in wine glass of water; two or three sprigs of mint mashed well in glass; do not remove the mint; three or four dashes orange bitters; one and a half wine glasses of brandy. Mix this thoroughly, put in

bouquet of mint, fill up with shaved ice, float a little Port wine on top, decorate with pineapple, cherries and powdered sugar, serve with straw.

CORBETT WAS NOT IN CONDITION

Young Corbett had an opponent Unk Russell, the tall, lanky Quaker City boxer, at the National A. C., Philadelphia, on Nov. 4, in a six-round argument.

The Denverite entered the ring in poor condition, being fat, and had it been any but a crafty ring general like Corbett the result would have been a knockout.

That Corbett did manage to stay the entire six rounds was not due to his stability so much as it was to Russell's lack of knowledge as to how to punch. Unk didn't know how to deliver a straight punch and resorted to a series of wild swings that were thrown aimlessly at Corbett, but managed to land frequently on the Denver boy.

Corbett took a beating to land a knockout, and several times handed Unk some of his haymaker swings, but without the proper effect.

DIDN'T LIKE THE DECISION.

Arthur Cote, the Maine lightweight, was awarded the decision over Jimmy Briggs in a red hot 15-round argument in National Hall, at Saco, Me., recently.

The exhibition was attended by a record-breaking crowd, about 2,000 being present, including sporting men from Boston, Portland, Old Orchard, Lewiston and a large delegation from Augusta.

The decision did not meet with the approval of many of the spectators, who claimed that a draw would have been more satisfactory, as Briggs carried the fight to Cote from the start. Cote was the cleverer, and the boys will probably meet again in the near future to settle the question of supremacy.

CORBETT AND GOODMAN DRAW.

Kid Goodman, of Boston, and Young Corbett, of Denver, went fifteen rounds to a draw at the Douglas A. C., Chelsea, Mass., on Oct. 31.

The decision was not well received by the crowd, as Corbett, who was in poor condition, took the count twice in the tenth and twelfth rounds. Goodman did all the leading after the third round.

At the start the contest gave every appearance of being a hard fought one, and for three rounds Goodman could make very little impression on his opponent, while Corbett drove in a number of hard blows. Corbett seemed to tire after the third round, his extra weight telling on him.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., son of President Roosevelt, was among the spectators.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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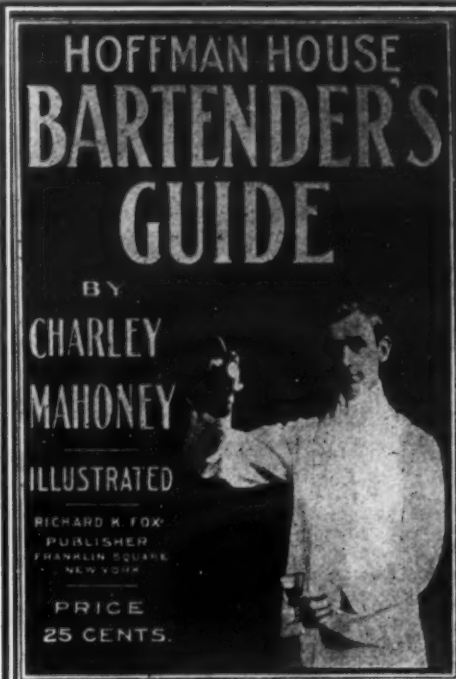
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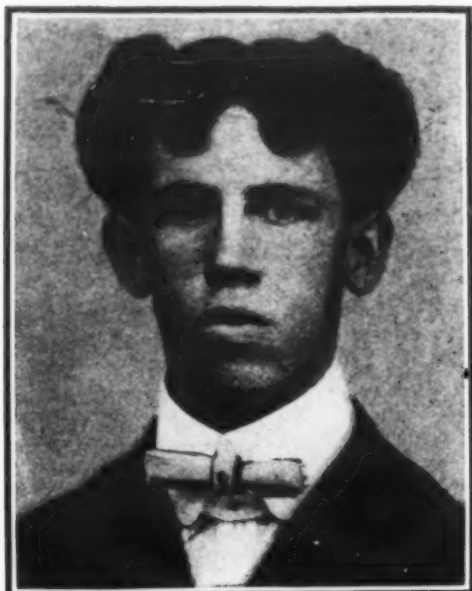
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KELLY AND MAHONEY.

Hugo Kelly, the Chicago boxer, met Young Mahoney, at Milwaukee, Wis., on Nov. 3, in an eight round argument.

The consensus of opinion was that Kelly had enough of a lead to entitle him to a decision.

Dick Hart, of Louisville, was no match for Jack Dougherty, of Milwaukee, and the semi-windup battle only lasted a little over a minute of the second round.

A POPULAR BONIFACE.

Mr. Allen C. Paine, one of the best-known citizens of Reading, Pa., is the proprietor of the City Hotel, at Sixth and Cherry streets, in that city, and not James N. Kemp, previously mentioned in these columns. Mr. Paine has made the hotel a popular resort, because he knows how to run an establishment of that kind.

DEVINE AND STINGER DRAW.

Before the Lenox A. C., Philadelphia, Nov. 2, Jimmy Devine and Kid Stinger fought to a draw after six rounds of the hardest kind of fighting.

In the semi-windup between Jim Trimwich and Young Williams, the referee stopped the fight in the fourth round to save the latter, who was forced to take the count five times in the four rounds.

OWEN MORAN'S WALLOP.

Owen Moran, the English bantamweight fighter, knocked out Fellows, the American bantam, in the third round of what was to have been a twenty-round bout at a private club Liverpool, England, on Nov. 2. Fellows was no match for Moran.

JEANNETTE VERY BUSY.

Joe Jeannette, of New York, and Black Bill, of Merchantville, N. J., fought a draw at the Wilmington A. C. Casino, Wilmington, Del., on Nov. 2.

The New Jersey scrapper showed a big improvement over his work of a month ago, when he was put to sleep in the seventh round by Jeannette.

The battle was a hard one, and the close of the bout found Black Bill in better condition than his opponent.

RICE PUT TO SLEEP.

Before a private club at Atlanta, Ga., on Oct. 30, Ed De Groote, the French middleweight, knocked out Ed Rice, a heavyweight, of Montgomery, Ala., in twenty seconds after time had been called. It was the quickest and shortest fight ever witnessed in that section of the country, and the sports at the ringside could hardly realize what had really occurred. A terrific left swing on the jaw was the blow that did the work, and it was twenty minutes before Rice was revived.

KNOCKOUTS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Three draws, a knockout and a decisive defeat was the total of happenings at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on Nov. 2.

Kid Stein and Terry Martin boxed to a standstill. The Kid relied mostly on his right-hand swings to the jaw, while Martin contented himself with boring in and raining blow after blow on his opponent's stomach.

Billy Edwards and Boxer Kelly went evenly for the six rounds. Johnny White pounded Mississippi all over the ring. Tom Lenahan knocked out Bob Kerns in four rounds, Johnny Allen drew with Tommy Herman.

RUSSELL DELIVERS THE GOODS.

Unc Russell, the busy Philadelphia boxer, added another victory to his credit recently, when he bested Johnny Marto at the Quaker City, before the National A. C. The pair went right at it at the sound of the gong. Unc put Marto on the ropes with right and left swings to the face. Marto dropped a hard left to the stomach, and then crossed his right to the head. Unc still bored in and found Johnny twice with stiff lefts to the face. Standing at good range they mixed it like a

well tossed pack of cards, but Unc always had a shade the better of matters.

Marto fought back in great style, but he lost ground on every exchange and backed away to save himself from punishment, which came his way fast, it was easily Russell's bout.

Joe Jeannette clashed with George Cole in the star bout, it being his second battle in a week, having bested Jim Jeffords two nights previous. Jeannette forced most of the time, and Cole smothered up nicely to get away from the swines. In the last round Cole made a desperate rally to try and pull up even with his opponent, but he was so tired that while he whipped his punches into Jeannette whenever his tired arms gave him strength, he was spent and like the game fellow he is, he lost his battle to superior power.

AMERICAN LOSES IN IRELAND.

Jim Casey, of America, and Charley Wilson, of East London, England, met on Irish soil at Dublin, on Nov. 3, and the Britisher won in the third round.

It was a hot fight while it lasted. Casey had all the best of the first round, forcing the fighting.

In the second round it was give and take, neither having much the advantage when the gong sounded.

In the third round the American took a useful lead and seemed to be getting the best of it. But Wilson fought gamely, finally landing an unexpected right swing on the point of Casey's jaw. The latter went down in a heap and was counted out.

LEWIS OUTPOINTED DONOHUE.

Harry Lewis, of Philadelphia, outpointed Young Donohue, of Boston, in their six-round bout at the Washington Sporting Club, at Philadelphia, on Oct. 30. It was rather a tame fight, both men swinging wild frequently. Donohue started in to mix it up, but Lewis, who had the advantage in weight wore him out.

Eddie O'Neil and Marty Kane were the first in the preliminaries, and it was a farce, O'Neil quitting cold in the first round, after two minutes of fighting.

Bert Keyes and Phil Griffin put up an interesting bout, but Griffin earned the decision. In the third, Kid Hogan had the advantage in height and reach over Miles Malone. Hogan got the decision. The semi-windup brought together Young Haines and Johnny Allen. After a fast fight Allen got the decision.

A HOOK PUTS GORKY OUT.

The fight between Gorky Smith, of Wisconsin, and Tommy Love, of Philadelphia, at Youngstown, O., on Oct. 30, terminated in the fourth round when the Quaker Cityite landed a terrific hook on his opponent's jaw, sending him into nodland. Smith looked like an amateur and fought like one. It was Love's fight from the start. He landed at will and received scarcely any punishment. In the third round Smith slipped and fell and took his time to rise.

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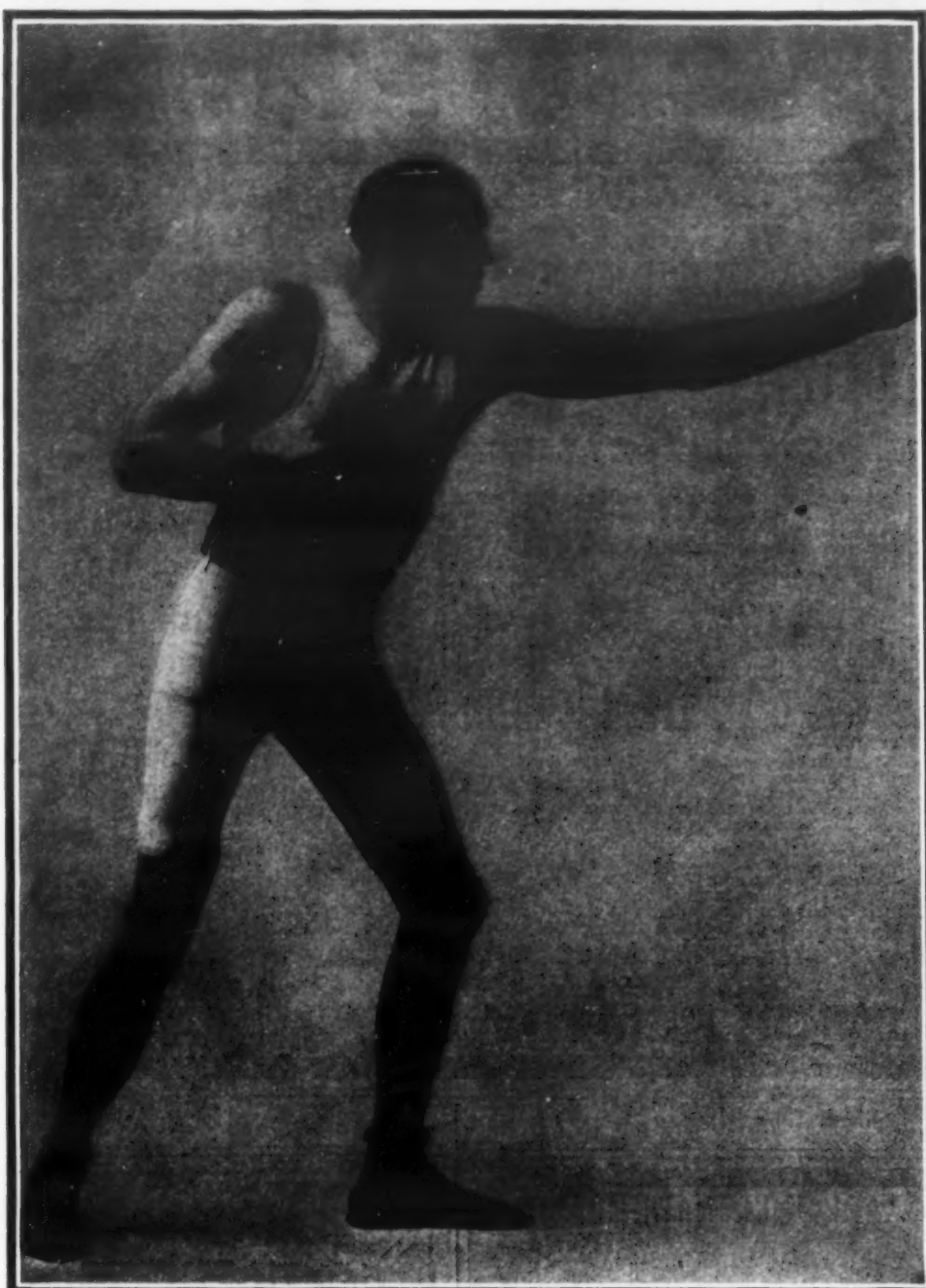
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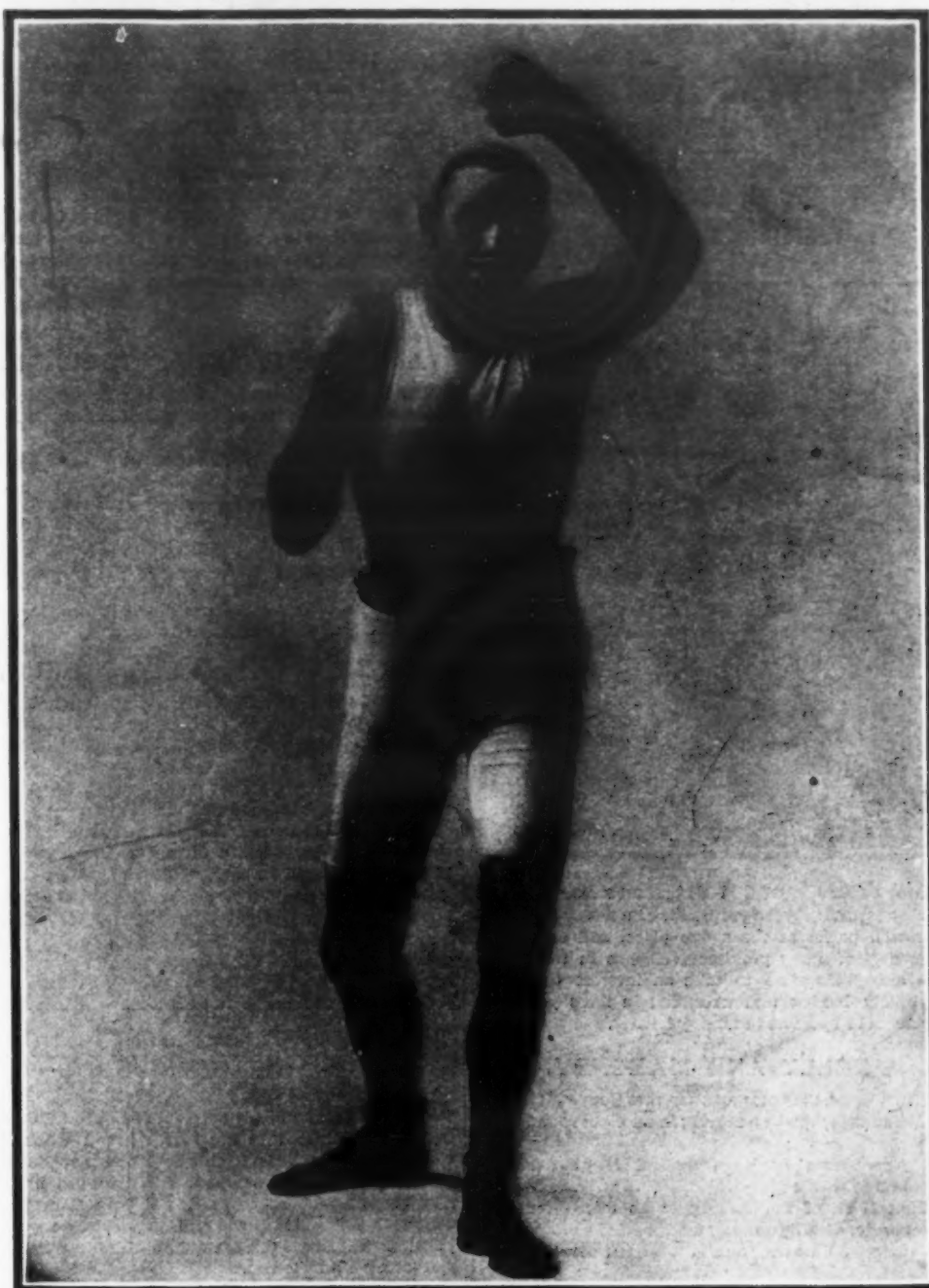
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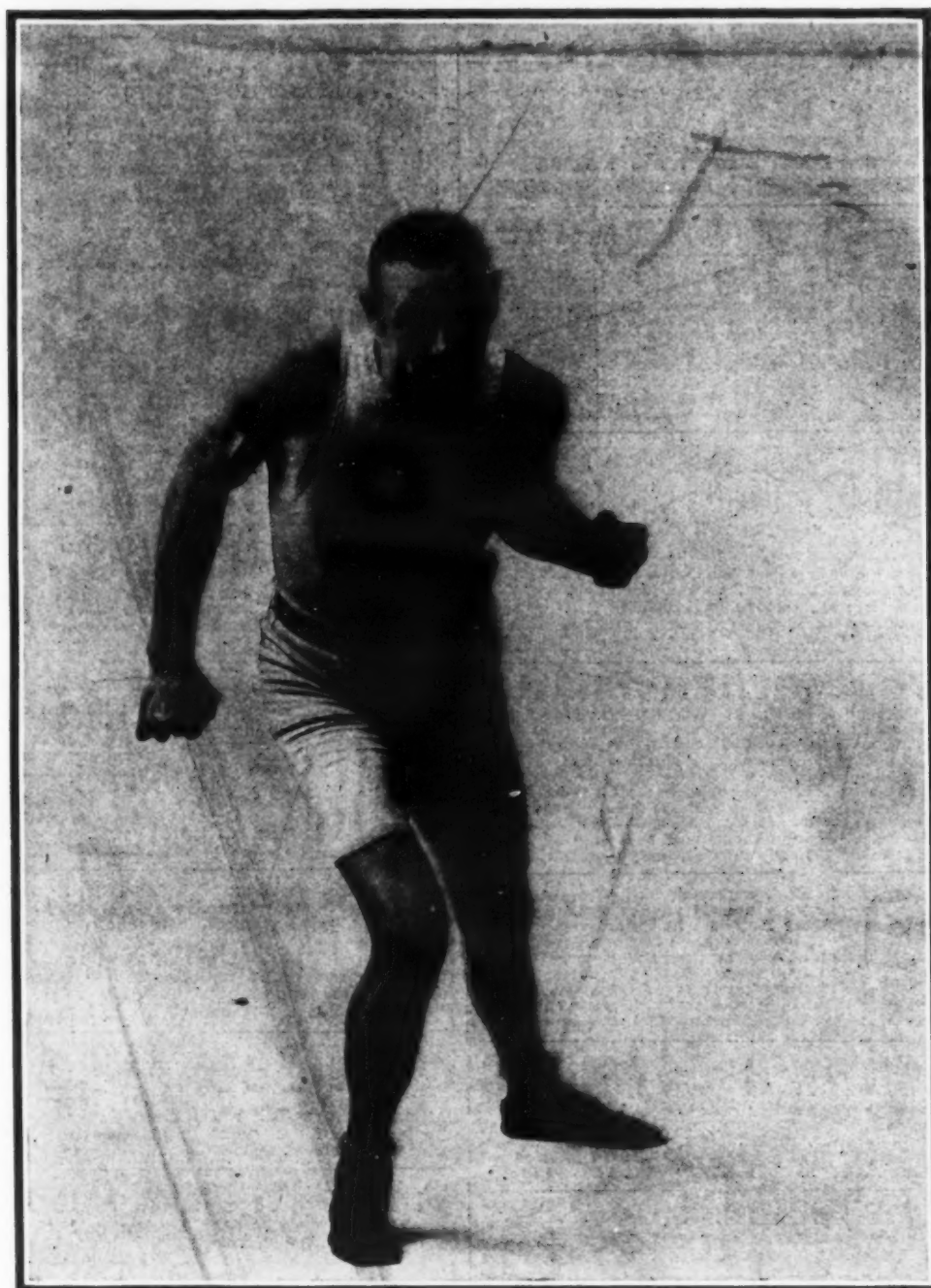
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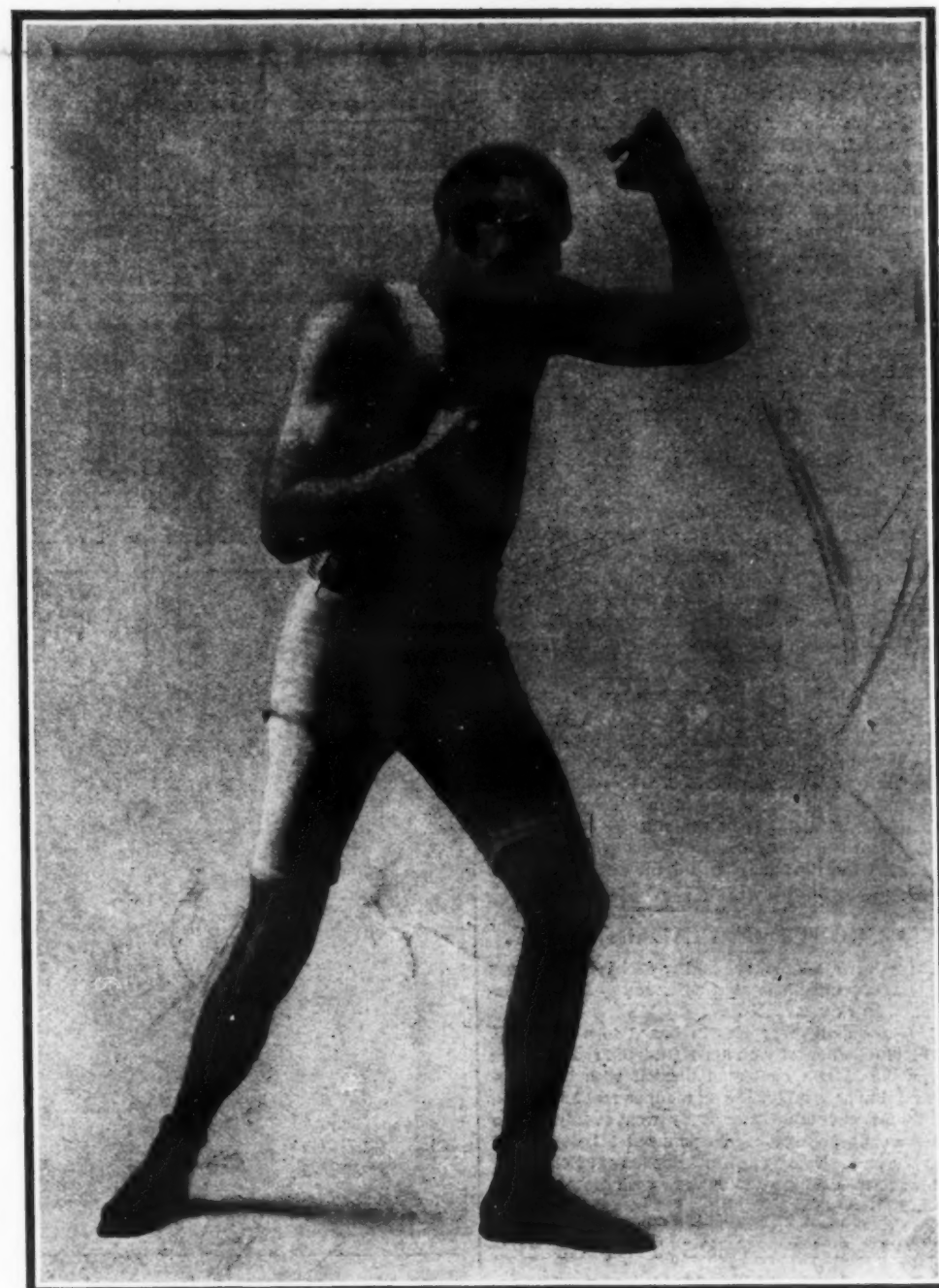


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